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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	93
THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE FUTURE	96
HANGING. By Henry W. Nevinson	97
A REPLY TO MR. KEYNES. By Professor L. Robbins	98
THE LIE-DETECTOR. By Y. Y.	100
THE ENGLISH LECTURER IN AMERICA	101
SAVIOURS OF SOCIETY. By MacFlecknoe	102
CORRESPONDENCE	103
"A Revenue Tariff," Letters from Sir William Beveridge; Professors Gregory and Daniels; G. L. Schwartz; Professor Plant; H. G. Chancellor; William Mellor: Other correspondence from Sir Michael E. Sadler; M. E. Durham; Lord Northbourne; Harold Watts; Countess Russell; George W. Cadbury; Ladbroke Black; Cicely Hamilton.	
SQUEAK AND GIBBER. By Aldous Huxley	106
THE FOUR GEORGES. By T. W. Earp	107
MOONLIGHT, YOUNG MONKEY STREET. By H. F. M. Prescott	108
PLAYS AND PICTURES	108
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Richard Sunne	110
REVIEWS:	
New Novels. By Proteus	111
The Open Conspiracy.—Act II. By Barrington Gates	112
The Fatal Charwoman	114
Native Africa. By Professor B. Malinowski	116
Youth and Middle-Age	118
The New Pepys	118
All Alive!	120
The Search for Meipe	120
SHORTER NOTICES	122
ABOUT MOTORING	124
PLAYTIME. By Caliban	126
THE WEEK IN THE CITY	128

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MR. BALDWIN'S Indian mess is, happily, not quite the disaster that it looked last Monday. The sudden announcement of his decision that "the Conservative Party cannot be represented at any further Round Table Conference to be held in India as foreshadowed by H.M. Government" created general astonishment and dismay. It seemed too bad to be true. The next day it proved to be untrue; we were told that it did not mean what it was supposed to mean—Mr. Baldwin had not thrown over Lord Irwin, or bowed the knee to Mr. Churchill, or been frightened out of his wits by Sir Ernest Petter. But what exactly he did mean is not at all clear, as we write. Was it merely that he objected to an immediate resumption of the Conference at Delhi? If so, he could surely have put that simply and plainly. And if his decision was really taken some weeks ago, why should it have been kept a secret, and then divulged in such a manner and at such a moment? No doubt Mr. Baldwin himself will give us some fuller explanation; but nothing that he says will quite repair the damage that has been done. He has lowered his own credit—which was already poor enough—he has embarrassed his friends, and he has given his enemies in his own party some real justification for their flouts and sneers at his incompetence.

The extent of the damage in India is harder to calculate. The news was received with consternation in official circles, in the European community and among all classes of Indians. The general feeling of shock and disgust has been reflected in the messages of the *Times* correspondent at Delhi. All this, of course, may be got over; but what will not be so easily undone is the effect on the extreme—and even the less extreme—section of the Congress Party. The "miracle" that was worked by the Viceroy and Mr. Gandhi has not solved the problem of India. Congress leaders—including the Mahatma himself—are still talking big about complete independence. They are prickly and suspicious of our good faith, and Mr. Baldwin's performance has obviously increased their suspicions. The Moslems are uncomfortable and watchful, and the Princes, while genuinely keen on a settlement, will naturally be influenced by the attitude of the Conservative Party. If, then, the Conservative Party is going to wobble or recede, to blow hot and cold on the Round Table, the prospects are anything but bright. We can only hope that Mr. MacDonald, assured as he is of solid Liberal as well as Labour support, will be firm. The Conference must reassemble, not immediately—for it would in any case be advisable to wait until the new Viceroy is settled in his post—but within the next few months. Whether it should meet in India or in London is a matter for careful consideration. But wherever it is, it is essential

that both the Indian Congress Party and the British Conservative Party should be there.

* * *

The dirty weapon which was used in the early days of the war to drive Lord Haldane out of political life is now being used against that pugnacious and less important person, Mr. Duff Cooper. In pursuance of its vendetta against Mr. Baldwin, the Rothermere press is accusing his champion at St. George's, not exactly of finding his "spiritual home" in Germany or Russia (though that is hinted), but of having delivered in Berlin "an apology for the British Empire." Whether the *Daily Mail* is written by students of the classics, or even of English literature, we do not presume to know, but it at least works on the assumption that a large part of the electorate, even in Westminster, is unacquainted with the meaning of Cardinal Newman's "apology" for his life or Sir Philip Sidney's "apology" for poetry. However, most of the mud-slinging is of the usual straightforward kind, and Sir Ernest Petter, cheered on by Pip and Squeak and supported by both our titled stuntmongers—Mr. Swaffer finds Lord Beaverbrook "tired" but his arguments irresistible—is certainly frightening Conservative headquarters. We are far from being supporters of Mr. Duff Cooper, but his defeat by the means now being used in St. George's would certainly give an unwelcome fillip to all that is ugliest in British politics.

* * *

The House of Commons on Monday ratified by a handsome majority our accession to the General Act for the pacific settlement of international disputes. This General Act is, as Mr. Henderson said, the logical complement of the Kellogg Pact and the Optional Clause, and it builds another useful barrier against war. The Optional Clause, it will be remembered, provides for the arbitration of justiciable disputes; the General Act carries this provision on to cover non-justiciable disputes. The British Government have attached some conditions to their signature, and in particular they have reserved the right to bring any case they think fit before the Council of the League. This reservation takes all the sting out of the Conservative criticism, laboriously voiced by Sir Austen Chamberlain, that our accession to the Act is weakening the authority of the League. The whole opposition was, in fact, unsubstantial, confused, and even contradictory. One line of attack was that we were committing ourselves to practically nothing at all, another that we were taking grave national risks. We can understand the contempt of the true-blue militarist for the machinery of peace. But it is odd that arbitration should always be such a bogey to the more sensible sort of Conservatives, who have got beyond the "bright sword and shining armour" stage. It is ludicrous to pretend that there is any danger in our acceding to this General Act. It might have produced real mischief, having regard to the state of the world and Great Britain's position in it, if we had refused our assent.

* * *

The text of the naval agreement between France and Italy was published on Wednesday in a White Paper. The figures, as we expected, are not so good as the fact. There will be a reduction—or rather, no more building—of heavy cruisers. As regards battleships, France and Italy may each build two in the next five years, but the displacement is not to exceed 28,333 tons, and the gun calibre is not to be more than 12 inch. 84,000 tons of aircraft carriers may be completed by each Power before December 31st, 1936. All these figures may be thought—in our crazy, funky world—as comparatively satisfactory. But the submarine tonnage allowed to France is not satisfactory, as Mr. Alexander made clear in the House of Commons on Wednesday. It is 82,000—as against the 52,700 allowed to America, Japan, Great Britain, and Italy. This huge submarine fleet naturally alarms our Admiralty, who have a destroyer tonnage of only 150,000 to meet it. For our own part, we believe that the best policy would be not to attempt to meet it. But the "escalator clause" of the London Treaty is there, and no doubt there will presently be a powerful demand for putting it into force and building more destroyers, unless the French can be pursuaded to reduce their monstrous submarine fleet. That will be one of the tasks of the World Disarmament Conference next year.

* * *

The various Estimates for the coming year, published during the past week, indicate the character of the problem which Mr. Snowden has to face. The cost of the Defence services shows, on balance, only a very small reduction; while the Estimates for the Civil Services show an increase of £22,000,000. Apart from automatic increases in certain of the social services, this is mainly due to the heavy anticipated expenditure on unemployment insurance, the vote for the Ministry of Labour rising from last year's estimate of £26,500,000 to nearly £45,000,000. These figures, of course, exclude the heavy borrowing on account of the Unemployment Fund, since this does not appear directly in the Estimates. Altogether, the Chancellor is likely to need over £21,000,000 more revenue in order to meet current expenditure in 1931-2 than in 1930-1, apart from borrowing by the Unemployment Fund. How he proposes to raise the extra amount, in face of a stationary or falling revenue from existing taxes, we shall not know till Budget day. Meanwhile, it is some comfort that revenue for the current year is coming in unexpectedly well, so that the deficit on the year's working, once estimated at something like £50,000,000, is likely to be only half that sum. This is partly due to the high yield of the death duties, but also largely to intensive pressure for the prompt payment of income tax. There has been a new note of ruthlessness in the demands sent out during the past few weeks; and apparently it has been effective.

* * *

The growing agitation against the Coal Mines Act is obviously to a large extent manufactured; but there is beneath it a real problem. The Act has set up a quota system for the regulation of output on a regional basis without establishing any central selling agency. The Midland colliery owners, who were the chief advocates of the Bill, now find their output restricted by it to a great deal less than they could sell on competitive lines; and both they and their employees are loudly protesting. The owners in other coalfields, however, are in no mood to allow the Midlands to increase sales, partly because they hope to capture orders which the Midlands

cannot fulfil, and partly because they are not indisposed to teach the Midland colliery owners a lesson. Meanwhile, it is urged that orders refused by the Midland owners are being diverted, not to other British coalfields, but to foreign supplies, and that the quota system is accordingly causing a loss of trade to the country. There is probably some substance in this complaint. Our view has always been that a quota system will not work satisfactorily unless it is complemented by the creation of a unified selling agency. The remedy for the present troubles is not to abandon regulation, but to carry it a step further, by organising the business of coal marketing on national lines.

* * *

There are already signs that the railwaymen in a number of centres are up in arms against the award issued last week by the National Wages Board. Under the Railways Act, the Board has no power to give a binding decision, but only to recommend; and, legally, either party is perfectly free to reject its recommendations. Several of the N.U.R. District Councils have passed resolutions urging rejection; and in one or two places, against the advice of the leaders, " working to rule " has already been invoked as a protest against the anticipated changes in working conditions. Actually, resentment seems to be directed more against the " spreadover " of duties than against the proposed reductions in wages. It is too early yet to estimate the strength of the movement for rejection; and the leaders' influence in favour of acceptance will probably be brought to bear before the National Conferences of the Union meet next week to settle their course of action. It is likely that the Board's decision will in the end be accepted—under protest; but the attitude of the men is a clear sign that the rank and file of the Trade Unions generally are in no mood readily to accept lower wages as a cure for industrial depression.

* * *

In Germany the acceptance of the Military and Naval Estimates by the Budget Committee is generally a matter of prolonged and bitter discussion between the different political parties. This week the new estimates were passed with unusually brief discussion and without alteration. Two factors contributed to this smooth result: the continued boycott of the Reichstag by the Hitlerite deputies and the recent anti-German speech of the French Minister of War, which General Groener was able to exploit in order to stifle any Socialist qualms. Although the Socialists, who refrained from voting in Committee, will probably demand some minor concessions from the Brüning Government in exchange for their lack of opposition, they are so deeply interested in maintaining political stability that no further difficulties need be expected when the estimates come up for the final reading. In absenting themselves from the Reichstag the Hitlerites have made an error in tactics. Although they are still a force to be very seriously reckoned with, the prestige of their leaders has suffered. The recent pastoral letter of the Bishop of Cologne warning the Catholic youth against the Nazis is another indication of the disadvantages under which Hitlerism is now labouring. An improvement in Germany's economic situation would probably mean its speedy collapse.

* * *

M. Molotoff's long statement on the foreign relations of the Soviet Government at the opening of the Sixth Congress of Soviets is unusually pacific. The desire for peace outweighs the fear of intervention. Almost every nation in the world is mentioned and classed in a kind of good behaviour list. At the top come Italy, Turkey, and Germany, whose industrialists have just returned from Moscow with a bundle of new orders. Greece is praised as the one Balkan country with which Soviet Russia has been able to establish normal relations. On the other hand, Russo-American relations have been strained owing to the activities of the Fish Commission. M. Molotoff sees the United States taking the lead in the establishment of an anti-Soviet front and predicts—a favourite Bolshevik prophecy in such circumstances—a falling off in Russo-American trade. France and Poland stand definitely at the bottom of the list as the worst enemies of Soviet Russia. England occupies a half-way position. Even the Labour Government is not anathematised. Russian imports from England have risen by nearly six million pounds. M. Molotoff explicitly denies the existence of forced labour in Russian timber camps. More interesting are his figures regarding dumping. He points out that before the war Russia's share of the world trade was 3.6 per cent. To-day it is less than two per cent. In the British trade balance Russian exports do not exceed one-half per cent. These figures make nonsense of much of the recent anti-Russian agitation in certain sections of the British press, which suggest that Russian dumping is ruining British industry.

* * *

More's case (Rex v. the Registrar of Companies), which came before a divisional court on Monday, raised some interesting constitutional points. But the effect of the decision, which in form was a technical one, is of wider import. It establishes, explicitly, the illegality of the sale in this country of tickets in the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake. Subscriptions to this sweepstake are said to be nearing £1,000,000; the greater part of the money has been put up by Britishers; it is probably a fact that one household in ten has an interest in the sweep. The number of persons involved in " illegal " transactions must therefore be very great. Under such circumstances, an early revision of the laws affecting gambling seems called for. As things stand, we have got into a hopeless mess. Street betting is illegal; not so the " Tote "; while bookmakers are everywhere waxing fat. The Irish hospitals get our money; the English hospitals, reduced in these hard times to the expedient of " camouflaged " lotteries, are naturally less successful. Newspapers keep up their circulations by crossword and picture puzzles (with large cash prizes) that are pure gambles in all but name. What difference is there betwen a " straight " lottery and a crossword puzzle with 10,000,000 ostensibly correct solutions? Why not legalise the honestly-conducted gamble, and eliminate the interloper and the shark? Britain is determined to speculate, as America is determind to drink; in both countries the attempt to enforce morality by statute leads merely to anomaly and fraud. On balance, we should gain in moral stature by facing up to the facts.

* * *

Rouse is hanged, but his publicity value did not cease with his death. It is true that to print a " confession " when we can no longer cross-examine him upon it does no physical harm to anyone. Any harm that was caused by accounts of his private life has been done irrevocably. An alleged informal confession has appeared in the *Daily Sketch* containing a number of surprising details. Indeed, the whole document is of so curious a nature that one would be glad to know on what grounds Mr. Cannell who reports it and the Editor who prints it, believe it to be authentic. His wife denies any knowledge of a confession and so apparently do all those who are known to have seen Rouse after the failure of his reprieve. What is the origin of this document? To whom did Rouse confess?

THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE FUTURE

THE significant fact about the " Mosley " revolt is not that it has happened, but that, in the ranks of the Labour Party at any rate, it has attracted hardly a tittle of support. There are thousands of active Labour supporters who sympathise with this or that feature of the " Mosley " programme; but almost none, outside the immediate retinue of the self-chosen leader, is disposed to follow him into the wilderness. The original " Mosley " group of dissident M.P.s has wilted away; and, with the exception of the tempestuous and irresponsible leader of the Civil Service Clerical Association—and Mr. Brown's loyalty to his new leader is now reported to be wobbly—not one Trade Unionist in the House of Commons has accepted Sir Oswald's call. His single new adherent in the House so far is Mr. W. E. Allen, the Conservative Member for West Belfast. Nor have prospective Labour candidates approached by the Mosley group shown any readiness to forgo the advantages of official backing. In Smethwick, Aston and other constituencies represented by the " Mosleyites," repudiation by the local Labour Parties has been prompt and decisive, and Lady Cynthia appears to be alone in regarding as " cheek and humbug " the demand that those who resign from their party should also resign from the seat they won under its auspices. If Sir Oswald gets a following at all he will evidently have to find it outside the Labour ranks. And, as soon as he goes crusading in the wilderness, he will have to compete (or co-operate) with Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere, with Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Lloyd George.

Our object, however, is not to discuss the prospects of the " New Party," which bids fair to be but a nine days' wonder, but rather to debate certain questions of vital importance to the Labour Party itself. The meagreness of the response to Sir Oswald Mosley's lead certainly cannot be taken as showing that there is no real body of discontent within the Labour ranks, any more than the decay of the I.L.P., under Mr. Maxton's leadership, can be interpreted in such a sense. Maxtonism failed, not because discontent was lacking, but because the slogan of " Socialism in Our Time," as advanced by the I.L.P., had in it no hint of a constructive policy for dealing with the present emergency. A like charge cannot be made against the Mosleyites; for they have put forward an emergency programme—and, indeed, nothing else. Their weaknesses are, first, that they appear to have no constructive vision beyond the emergency, and to have devised their immediate programme without any clear foresight of its longer-run effects; and secondly, that, instead of persisting and pressing continuously for a bolder policy within the Labour Party, they have fallen so in love with their own schemes as to erect a loose framework of temporary expedients into the dwelling-place of a new party.

The most important effect of the Mosley secession to the Mons Sacer on the opposite side of Smith Square may well be its reaction on the internal politics of the Labour Party itself. For, in face of what has happened, the great mass of discontent within the ranks of the Labour Party—the mass of those who have been aptly called the " Loyal Grousers "—will probably see the need to come together, and to make at once their loyalty and their weight felt in the counsels of the party. They will make it clear that there is no thought in their minds of secession or of disloyalty; but they will also convey to those in high places their keen sense of the danger that has to be met—the danger that, unless the Government's internal policy becomes more constructive and more Socialist, its following in the country will melt away, not in order to join the ranks under Sir Oswald Mosley, or Lord Beaverbrook, or Mr. Baldwin, but with a sense of the futility of all political activity.

This, and not a rally to Mosleyism or Toryism, is the real danger with which the Labour Party is now confronted. It has still at its back a great fund of working-class loyalty and electoral support. But loyalty must receive its dividend of hope and inspiration, if its value is not to be frittered away. The Government may reply, first, that the great difficulties which confront it are commonly underestimated by its critics and, secondly, that its triumphs in the international field and its handling of Indian affairs are good and sufficient reasons for its retention of office. Both pleas are fair, and we would add that, in view of the foreign and Indian situation, the defeat of the Government now would be a calamity both for Great Britain and for the world. But no present-day Government can live on its international policy alone; and it is vain to burke the fact that, in home politics, the Government's prestige has been badly damaged, not by the action of Lords or Liberals in amending or rejecting its measures, but by its own weaknesses and hesitations.

The recent discussions and secessions will have been salutary if their effect is not merely to close up the ranks of those who remain—which will certainly happen—but also to make the leaders of the Labour Party more sensitive to legitimate criticism from their supporters, and the latter more determined to press for a constructive home policy. For, difficult as current economic and social conditions are, certainly the worst of all possible policies is simply to bow our heads before the storm. The too long cherished hope that both the world depression and the special British depression on which it has been superimposed would somehow pass away without any punitive action to combat it can hardly be pleaded any longer as an excuse for a merely negative policy; nor can the difficulties of minority Government be regarded as sufficient reason for holding back. To put the matter bluntly, there is no evidence that the real obstacle to a forward economic policy is in Parliament, or that a majority could not be secured for such a policy in the House of Commons. The Liberals may have destroyed the Trade Disputes Bill; but they are likely to support more forthright economic measures. And as for the House of Lords, the bolder a policy is the less likely are they to reject it, because the surer would the retribution be.

What, then, ought to be done—beyond what the Government is already doing, or attempting to do? We select, as examples, four things, out of many that are crying out to be done. First, a determined attempt, not to cut down in any way the benefits paid to the

unemployed, but to organise a *quid pro quo* in the form of useful work for as many as possible of the young and able-bodied who have been long out of a job. Secondly, a far more vigorous effort to cope with the problems of housing and slum-clearance, probably by means of a national scheme, supplementing the separate schemes of the local authorities. Thirdly, a courageous handling of the problem of rationalisation in the depressed industries, and especially in steel and cotton, which have been allowed to malinger so long that they have become convinced hypochondriacs, and are in danger of dying of their own conviction of impotence. Here is the opportunity both to help great industries and to bring their constitutions more nearly into harmony with the ideal of the "public concern." And fourthly, an endeavour to follow up Mr. Henderson's diplomatic victories with equally courageous action in the international economic field, in order to stabilise world prices at a tolerable level, and release the nations from the artificial tyranny of a gold standard.

No one of these four things is easy to do; all of them involve risks and possibilities of defeat. But each of the four is worth fighting for, and each would contribute greatly to ease our national burdens. Nor does any one of them call for vast unproductive expenditure, which Mr. Snowden and the Treasury can block with a simple *non possumus*. Two of them involve no budgeting cost at all; and the other two can both be so administered as to yield good value for money. All four of them, moreover, would contribute greatly to the retention of confidence both at home and abroad. For the way to restore confidence in Great Britain is to let the world see that we are courageously tackling our problems.

These proposals are modest enough. We are not asking for Socialism now, and scarcely for an instalment of what is commonly called Socialism. But we are asking for a first step towards the social control of our national economic life. The attractive quality of Mosleyism and of the other "isms" that challenge the orthodox parties, lies primarily in this, that they are based upon the idea of constructive economic control. That idea the Labour Party cannot afford to give away to others, and it is by emphasising, not by abandoning, the idea of social control that it will bring real issues back into politics and obtain the kind of Liberal support which will solve the present party and parliamentary muddle. What we may look for in the future is the formation of a body of men and women determined above all to work out the implications of this idea, not into an all-embracing national plan or programme covering the whole field, but practically, empirically and scientifically applying it, first to this problem and then to the next. The work that the Fabian Society set out to do more than forty years ago needs doing again. The influence of the Fabians is shown by the fact that we are still living on their ideas. But this is a new time and a new generation. If the Government, instead of shutting its ears to criticism and suggestions, will welcome them; if its critical supporters will be practically suggestive instead of going away into caves of their own; if both the Government and its friendly critics will work together to capture public imagination with a constructive policy on the home front; then we shall see not only a revival of political interest but something substantial achieved.

HANGING

SO the wretched man Rouse has been hanged after all. I will not dwell upon the petition for his reprieve, signed by such a number of men and women. In a merciful people like the British it is always possible to find thousands to sign such a petition where the smallest doubt as to guilt exists. Nor will I enumerate all the causes which seemed to justify a reprieve—such causes as the violent prejudice aroused against the accused by the publication of the details of his private life; the unknown identity of the dead man; the difficulty of imagining that the motive attributed to Rouse occurred to him as he drove along; or the question raised by the judge himself, whether there was evidence enough before the jury to hang the man, even though he might be guilty. The case is decided. There is now an end of hope. It is unlikely that anything more will be heard of it to all eternity, unless, perhaps, the identity of the supposed victim is established.

That is one of the terrible defects in the law of capital punishment. The execution is irretrievable. Nothing can undo death. No matter what evidence may come to light, atonement for a legal error is impossible. In some cases the verdict has been definitely proved false after the sentence of death has been passed. The case of Oscar Slater is recent and notorious, for he had been reprieved after sentence, and was subsequently proved entirely innocent. But when a man or woman has been actually hanged, it is seldom that others take the trouble to investigate the case again just for the sake of clearing a reputation. Few have the persistence or the instinct for justice of Conan Doyle, least of all when the death of the prisoner has ended interest in his case. Undoubtedly innocent people have been hanged even in recent times, and their doom was irrevocable. As Lord Buckmaster, an ex-Lord Chancellor, said in his evidence before the Select Committee on Capital Punishment, the Report of which was published last December, otherwise we must assume that the verdict of a jury is an infallible thing. And besides the case of Oscar Slater he quoted the case of Habron, who was condemned to death on what looked like absolutely certain evidence for a crime to which Charles Peace afterwards confessed. Habron was reprieved for his youth. If he had been a few years older, he would have been hanged, though he had nothing to do with the murder. The crime of putting him to death would have been irrevocable, and there an end.

But let us assume the guilt of the man who is one morning to be killed by his fellows in cold blood. Supporters of the death penalty say, quite truly, we all have to die some time or other, and a few years cannot make much difference. They also say, again quite truly, that thousands of men are killed in war, and only the Quakers and pacifists make a fuss about it. But dying quietly of illness or old age is a very different thing from being summoned to die while in good health, and probably in the prime of life. And as to death in war, thousands of Englishmen have known the silent horror pervading a trench as the watches creep nearer and nearer to zero. Yet, when a man goes over the top he is excited, he has a chance of killing rather than being killed, and he is not alone. To myself, who have witnessed every kind of death, even by execution in Turkey and Russia, the fear or anguish of waiting through the previous night in gaol and watching the light of morning slowly appear before the warders and the chaplain come to pinion and lead the way to the platform, below which a lever for the drop is lurking—that is the most terrible form of death I can imagine, unless we include death by torture, which in this country we have ceased to practise or approve.

But horrible as is the fate of the condemned prisoner, whether innocent or guilty (as, for instance, the atrocious scene when Mrs. Thompson was dragged to the scaffold stupified with opiates), and awful as is the suffering during the execution itself—a suffering about which the warders and other officials are commanded by the Home Office to say nothing—yet the effect upon the officials themselves and the whole neighbourhood is equally deplorable.

> There is no chapel on the day
> On which they hang a man.
> The Chaplain's heart is far too sick.
> Or his face is far too wan.
> Or there is that written in his eyes
> Which none should look upon.

That is no mere imagination of the poet. In his evidence before the Select Committee Mr. Glanville Murray, a Prison Chaplain of twenty-eight years' service, said:

> It cannot be denied that an execution is a moral shock of such a nature that it is impossible to say what may be its ultimate effects on mind and body. The final scene must always be a haunting and imperishable memory—the dreadful hooded figure on the scaffold; the thud of the falling drop; the awful plunge into the yawning pit, and the jerk as the rope tautens and sways. No one can leave the slaughter-shed without a deep sense of humiliation, horror and shame.

As to other officials besides the chaplain who, as a Christian and highly educated man might be supposed to be peculiarly sensitive to the horror, General Dudgeon, Governor of an Edinburgh prison, gave evidence:

> Personally I think it is a horrible business. In a way I felt quite unclean after having taken part in a hanging. It casts gloom over the whole place. It certainly is a most horrible business.

One Prison Governor told the Committee that the effect upon the prison population generally was "wholesome." But the Medical Officer at Birmingham Prison said the effect upon the prisoners was extremely depressing and unsettling. A member of the Society of Friends, who was in prison as a conscientious objector during the war, told the Committee that "a kind of morbid and unwholesome atmosphere, to say the least, is spread throughout the whole prison, before, during, and after an execution." As to the effect upon the neighbourhood when a man or woman is to be executed in a gaol near by, every one who has been present then will remember the excited tension, the real hysteria, of the population lasting all night and culminating as the fatal hour draws near. On such occasions some appear to lose their reason, and cases of suicide in imitation of the hanging are known.

It is certain that the infliction of death upon the murderer attracts attention to the details of every murder case, and the newspapers supply the demand as fully as they can. The popular interest is not due merely to the excitement we get from a good detective story, in which a murder seems to be the essential theme. It is also the excitement of watching a struggle involving death, as in a gladiatorial show, though in this case the chance of death is all on one side. Remove the chance of death from the accused prisoner and interest in the details of the murder is much reduced. One may assume that the interest in the details of murders is unwholesome, as stimulating the mind to brood over horrors, and, in many cases, stimulating it to imitation. For horrors are very infectious. Even the finest minds may be so infected that the thought of hanging becomes an "obsession." I think it was so, for instance, with the noble and highly imaginative mind of Thomas Hardy. We may see that terrible attraction of pity and horror in many of his stories, and in Dorchester, I noticed, he carefully pointed out to me the scenes of former executions. He took me to the hillside where, as a boy, he used to sit looking down into the cottage below and watch the hangman having his tea, and wonder how he could eat and drink when he was to kill a man in the morning.

A similar sentiment is aroused in nearly every murder trial and one cannot condemn it for it springs from the pity due to every human being passing through the difficulties of life like ourselves full of strange capacities for good or evil, and of hopes of possible change to better things. That is the reason why juries will sometimes refuse to condemn if death will be the result of their verdict, though the evidence against the prisoner is strong. Before the Committee the Home Office authorities denied this, though at a previous investigation the Home Office admitted it. The whole queston was discussed before the Committee, and the result may be found in the evidence and in the Report, or in Mr. Roy Calvert's careful and balanced review of the evidence (*The Death Penalty Enquiry*, Gollancz, 2s. 6d.). To myself the evidence seems almost equally balanced. But I notice that 30 per cent. of recommendations to mercy presented by juries are refused.

The one and only reasonable objection to the abolition of the gallows appears to be that raised by Sir Herbert Samuel when the Select Committee was first appointed. He said:

> People say that the burglar does not take a revolver with him for fear he should be tempted to shoot, knowing that if he shoots he may be hanged. That is a very strong argument if it is sound.

Sir Herbert asked the Committee to collect experiences from the countries where capital punishment has been abolished or has fallen out of use. The evidence was collected, and tended to show that the carrying of arms had not increased in those countries, but had increased in France where capital punishment still obtains. Prison authorities argued that the British nature is so different from that of Danes, Finns, Norwegians and other nations that no conclusion for ourselves can be drawn from their evidence. All of us must admit the danger that if burglars take to firearms the police will demand similar arms for their own protection, and an armed police is dangerous, as we have seen in other countries. By far the sanest conclusion is that taken by the Select Committee itself in the definite recommendation: "That a Bill be introduced and passed into law during the present session providing for the Abolition of the Death Penalty for an experimental period of five years in cases tried by Civil Courts in time of peace."

Deeply occupied as the Government are, that Bill would reflect the highest credit upon their term of office.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

A REPLY TO MR. KEYNES

By LIONEL ROBBINS

IT may be taken as axiomatic that any scheme which is fathered by Mr. Keynes will claim diverse and comprehensive advantages. His present proposal for his revenues provides no exception to this rule. "It is certain," he says, "that there is no other measure all the immediate consequences of which will be favourable and appropriate." So far as I am able to judge, the advantages claimed are threefold: a revenue of fifty to seventy-five millions sterling, a diminution of unemployment, and an increased balance for foreign lending. These are big claims. Before we proceed to action it is surely desirable to examine them very carefully.

At first sight the main outlines of Mr. Keynes's proposal seem simple and straightforward—as, no doubt, he intended. Two flat rates on imports, of 15 per cent. and 5 per cent. respectively, with certain exemptions and certain rebates framed on "broad and simple lines" to reduce to a minimum the inconvenience to export; such principles

should surely be intelligible—even to many of "the 90 per cent." of Mr. Keynes's fellow-countrymen whom he believes to be in agreement with him. They will not, however, be so simple for those who are called upon to administer them, or for those who are called upon to estimate without frivolity the revenue they will yield. Let me give a simple example of the difficulties which are concealed by Mr. Keynes' draftsmanship. Fifteen per cent. is to be levied on all semi-manufactures without exception. Yet rebates are to be allowed on imported materials entering into export. Now a not inconsiderable amount of the iron and steel imported into this country is the raw material of important export industries—tin-plate and shipbuilding. Mr. Keynes does not make it clear whether he is prepared to grant a rebate in a case of this sort. If he does not, then the costs of these export industries *will* be raised. If he does, he will be providing a direct incentive to the more extensive use of imported materials. This dilemma may not be apparent to 90 per cent. of Mr. Keynes' fellow-countrymen. It will certainly not be made plainer by his mode of exposition. Yet it is a dilemma which must arise not once or twice, but in every case in which export industries use imported semi-manufactures which compete with home products.

This unfortunate habit of promising the best of both worlds when only one world is possible at any one time becomes even more obvious when we examine Mr. Keynes's estimates of the amount of revenue forthcoming. To get the fifty to seventy-five millions which he promises, it is necessary to assume that the tariff is imposed at the rates suggested, without exemption or rebates, on the whole range of net imports, making no exception for commodities already taxed, and making no allowance for any falling off in imports resulting from the imposition of the tax. That is to say, we must assume that commodities already taxed, such as cars, are taxed 15 per cent., further, that sugar, tobacco, petrol and wines are included in the general increase. At the same time, we must assume that the rebates are of negligible proportions—which is a highly disputable assumption. If Mr. Keynes really thinks that it is possible to frame even a moderate tariff of this sort on "broad and simple" lines, such that export will not be inconvenienced and special interests will not be damaged, he is surely under a grave delusion. A short perusal of any of the standard works on tariff-making should persuade any reasonable person to the contrary. If I were asked to name the probable yield of any tariff likely to commend itself to the British legislature at the rates contemplated, my estimate (which would necessarily be a guess) would be more in the neighbourhood of thirty-five to forty than of fifty to seventy-five millions.

Still, that it is possible to get *some* revenue in this way and at the same time, by a complicated series of rebates, to prevent gross damage to export costs, is not a proposition which I should wish to deny, though for reasons which will become plain, I should vigorously contest the desirability of such a policy. But revenue is not the only advantage which Mr. Keynes claims for his proposal. Some imports will be excluded (did he bear this in mind when computing the probability of revenue?), and to this extent employment will be benefited, a margin will be created for additional imports, and we shall be in a position to lend more to the foreigner! "Some fanatical Free Traders might allege that the adverse effect of import duties on our exports would neutralise all this," he adds, "but it would not be true."

These are large benefits to promise, and if there were reason to suppose that they would be forthcoming, the 90 per cent. whom Mr. Keynes believes to be with him might well ask: "Why stop at a revenue tariff?" Why not shut out more imports, create a margin for further imports, and at the same time lend still more to the impoverished foreigner? If such claims are justified, why stop at 15 per cent.? Unfortunately, in a world in which it is not possible both to have your cake and eat it, there is no reason to suppose that they are justified. It is conceivable that if we cut off imports it might be possible to avert the diminution in demand for our exports by lending more to those whom we thus impoverished. But to urge that we should deliberately adopt such a policy is surely the economics of Cloud-cuckoo-land. To say to a customer: "I will refuse to take what you have to give me for my goods, but I will lend you the funds which will enable you to continue to buy them"—is this a proposal which sober men can take seriously? It is not many years ago since Mr. Keynes, with his customary Cassandra-like vehemence, was warning us to regard foreign investment as almost wholly undesirable. What queer irony of circumstance is this which, in his present mood, brings him to urge, with equivalent vehemence, just that form of foreign investment which most sane men would agree to be without any redeeming feature!

But let us assume for a moment that the plan is effective. There is a simultaneous increase of domestic credit and foreign lending. The abracadabra works. Even so, as a cure for unemployment the policy is open to the very grave objection that it will stimulate precisely the wrong industries. If industries are to be stimulated artificially—and the whole policy is highly suspect—surely it is those industries, whose comparative suitability for domicile in this country is unquestioned, which are most deserving of stimulus. It is not the industries which are menaced by foreign competition that should be fostered—the very fact that they are so menaced is a presumption against their suitability. It is rather those industries which are under no menace whose development is desirable. Time was when Mr. Keynes was interested in such industries. But it is just these industries which will be most seriously hit by the policy he is recommending. There are to be no rebates on the raw materials and semi-manufactures utilised by the industries which cater for the home market!

But Mr. Keynes may reply that after all it is only a *small* tariff he is recommending—a free-trader's iron ration to be used only once in a special emergency. Such an answer is no more convincing than the rest of the argument. A tariff is none the less a tariff because it is a small one. To call it a revenue tariff does not deprive it of its generic characteristics. Moreover, once imposed, it is not likely long to remain at its initial level. Most tariffs have started as small tariffs. But they have an inherent tendency to grow! Mr. Keynes urges that the progressive parties imposing the tariff should pledge themselves to repeal it when prices are once more at the 1929 level. This is surely disingenuous. It is quite clear from Mr. Keynes's book, that, for obscure reasons concerning the balance of trade (reasons *in themselves* insufficient to justify his classification as a practical Protectionist), he regards with considerable favour a system of permanent tariffs for this country. It is most improbable that he or any other high authority on money regards a return to 1929 prices in the near future as at all likely to happen. Why, then, represent a policy which is almost bound to be permanent, a policy whose permanancy Mr. Keynes himself regards as anything but undesirable, as an emergency measure whose repeal within a measurable time of its imposition should be regarded as a probable and desirable concern of those who impose it? It is surely one of the certainties of British politics that if the progressive parties impose a tariff, then, accidents apart, it is good-bye to Free Trade for our generation. Mr. Keynes may not

mind this. But why should he pretend that things are otherwise?

After all, what is the nature of the emergency to meet which we are asked to make this very momentous sacrifice? We have a budgetary problem. There are half-a-dozen ways of meeting it, each better both administratively and economically than this stale and dreary expedient of a tariff. We have a problem of unemployment, partly peculiar to ourselves, partly a by-product of world depression. So far as the world depression is concerned, we have hitherto not done worse than other countries. Their example does not suggest that a revenue or any other kind of tariff would help us to do better. So far as our difficulties are our own, we are clearly suffering from the inferior elasticity of local costs, in particular, local wage-costs. The obvious solution here is readjustment of wages and removal of hindrances to efficiency. This is not "contractionism"; it is common sense. If you are unable to sell your goods, you must readjust your price policy and overhaul your works. Mr. Keynes, who seems to have got into an almost unbelievable muddle in regard to the wage position, now protests that such readjustments are impossible. You cannot operate on money wages. You can only operate on prices. Yet as he writes, the readjustments are taking place. The very morning his article appeared saw the announcement of cuts in two important industries. After all, Mr. Keynes's tariff is merely another and more clumsy method of securing equilibrium between costs and prices. But it is a craven and disastrous method. Secure in his tariff funk-hole, Mr. Keynes tries to brazen it out to all the world that *his* is the policy of expansion. If he had not been so anxious to discredit his late associates and to destroy that which he once adored, he might have chosen terms less glaringly inconsistent with his own earlier pronouncements. "If there is one thing that protection *cannot* do, it is to cure unemployment," he said not many years ago. "It is the central idea of Protection *to contract trade*—for the advancement of various ulterior objects which may or may not be wise. The Free-Trader has always been the expansionist." (These are Mr. Keynes's own words). "The man who is accused of sacrificing the character of the business merely for the sake of carrying on a *large* trade. Whoever before Mr. Baldwin dared to assert that putting obstacles in the way of trade would *increase* its volume? There are some arguments for Protection based upon its securing possible but improbable advantages to which there is no simple answer. But the claim to cure unemployment involves the Protectionist fallacy in its grossest and crudest form." (NATION AND ATHENÆUM, Nov. 24, 1923, p. 303). Does Mr. Keynes contend that 15 per cent. on manufactures is not a protective tariff?

Well, he may enjoy these quick changes. Certainly, he has at last succeeded in hitting on a turn which is most decidedly not caviare to the general. Whether he is right in suggesting that 90 per cent. of his fellow-countrymen are in agreement with him I cannot say—I am pretty sure that the majority of economists, either here or elsewhere, are not with him. But it is certainly not impossible that, by the exercise of a great authority, secured in the past in the service of high and worthy ideals, he may succeed in carrying a sufficient number with him to stampede us into abandoning almost irrecoverably a fiscal system of proved value, at once the emblem of rationality in domestic politics and Liberalism in international relations. It is even not impossible that, *pari passu* with the abolition of this system, as a result of the operation of quite other causes, there may take place some revival of world trade. To some of the 90 per cent. of his fellow-countrymen whom he believes to be in agreement with him, and even to Mr. Keynes himself, this concomitance might appear proof decisive of the wisdom of the plan. That is the way the world sometimes works, and that is the way the mob generally thinks. The logic of the argument would remain unaffected.

But what a tragedy that he who shattered the moral foundations of the Treaty of Versailles should now turn his magnificent gifts to the service of the mean and petty devices of economic nationalism.

THE LIE-DETECTOR

IN the American news of the week is the story of a Professor in the University of Chicago, who, as a number of books were missing from the library, warned the students that each of them would be subjected to a test by the lie-detector if the books were not returned within twenty-four hours. All the books were returned, we are told, on the following day. I do not know what kind of instrument a lie-detector is, but I presume that it registers by means of a graph any sudden and give-away leap of the pulse. It would be the most desirable of devices if all men who lied experienced the same irregularities of pulse-rate. I wonder, however, whether it is possible to be sure that a man is lying because of a quickening of his pulse any more than one can be sure because of a change in his countenance. Innocent men have been known to tremble and go pale. I know a man who, if the description of a wanted murderer of much the same build as himself appears in the papers, is unable to look a policeman in the eye for fear he may be arrested on suspicion. To the psychoanalysts this may seem to be evidence that he is a potential murderer, and that he feels guilty because, deep down in his subconsciousness, he once wished to murder his father. Terrors such as this, however, spring, I fancy, not from the subconscious, but from self-consciousness. If one is self-conscious, one is in terror of being suspected, even if there is nothing to find out. I remember, when I was at school, an occasion on which some books had been stolen and sold to a second-hand bookseller, and a queer old woman was brought into the school to see whether she could identify the thief. To me schoolbooks had never been a temptation, and, even if they had been, I should have been much too afraid of being caught to steal them. When the woman came through the door of the French classroom, however, and ran her gloomy eyes along the desks in search of the culprit, I was in a misery of apprehension. The possibility that she might make a mistake and point me out with a bony finger made my heart beat as fast as if I had been guilty. If there had been a mechanical thief-detector applied to my wrist, I have no doubt the graph of my pulse would have revealed some extraordinary plunges. And I was not the only boy in the room who waited thus nervously for her decision. The whole class drew a breath of relief when the woman shook her head sorrowfully at having to pronounce us all innocent.

I am not sure that to be suspected of lying would not be equally perturbing to everybody but the liars. The good liar is a man practised in self-control. He can tell a lie with more ease and charm than an ordinary man can tell the truth. He is a master alike of his features and of his temper. He can play the confidence trick on hard-headed business men and worldly old women. He can borrow fifty pounds more easily than an honest man can borrow five. If he were as good at anything else as he is at lying, he would be one of the most prosperous men in the world. Unfortunately for him, he has often no gift for anything but lying, and, in the long run, his victims usually realise that they have been deceived. If he has persuaded

them to let him have £10,000 to invest in a Ruritanian gold-mine, they are bound in the course of time to discover that there is no Ruritanian gold-mine; and that, or something like it, is the snag in lying. If a liar could invent a series of remunerative lies that could never be found out, he would have little difficulty in becoming a millionaire. At the same time, it is not his pulse-rate, or his countenance, that is usually responsible for his ultimate exposure. He is betrayed, not by his pallor, but by his failure to redeem his promises. Even when he is in the dock, he is usually as composed as his accusers. Possibly that is because, as a result of years of skilful acting, he has at last convinced himself of his innocence, even when he has ceased to be able to convince anybody else.

How far any particular liar knows that he is a liar it is difficult to judge. Most of us are, up to a point, self-deceivers, taken in by flattery or soothing lies that are believed by nobody but ourselves. We can see through our friends' self-deceptions more easily than we can see through our own. And it is possible that the good liar, who lies for gain, deceives himself as successfully as the ordinary man who lies from a harmless vanity. In that case there is no mechanical instrument that could expose him. He has ceased to be able to distinguish between truth and falsehood, and his graph would be the same whether he spoke the one or the other. I cannot believe that the mass of liars know that they are lying; if they saw through their own lies they would surely realise that other people must see through them, too. We have all met men who seem to lie for the sake of lying, and whose conversation has no more relation to facts than a string of fairy-tales. Without definitely accusing them of falsehoods, their friends make it clear enough that they do not believe a word of what is being told them. Yet the fairy-tales continue unchecked. For the man who lies even to himself could not cease lying without loss of self-respect. His life as he sees it is a myth. He calls in imagination to make up for what is wanting in reality.

If some psychologist could invent a lie-detector which would register the lies we tell ourselves about ourselves, we should, in a short time, see either a great moral advance or a general smashing of instruments. Churchmen and statesmen, having made great and altruistic professions, would only have to apply the instrument for a few seconds in order to see a tell-tale graph that would startle them into a recognition of realities. I do not mean to suggest that churchmen and statesmen are in general humbugs, but merely that more human beings in all ranks and classes are humbugs than are aware of it themselves. Even among motorists you will find humbugs—men who believe that they drove far faster than they really drove when nobody arrested them, or else believe they drove far slower than they drove when they were held up by a policeman. Even the speedometer, with its clear statements of fact, does not deter the imaginative motorist from self-deception. And I have heard it said that, in order actually to encourage this self-deception, there are some manufacturers who fit their cars with speedometers that register a speed ten miles greater than that at which the car is travelling. This story may not be true, but it is an excellent fable of our love of self-deception. The length of the golfer's drive, the weight of the angler's fish—on these matters, too, some men lie to themselves. And on everything else. And there is no instrument to betray them.

I myself, though probably much given to self-deception, cannot claim that I have ever been a successful liar. This is not the result of virtue, but is due largely to an incapacity for acting. If I lied deliberately, I should feel that I was being seen through. I found it difficult to lie even to schoolmasters and professors, as I had no confidence that they would believe me. Even to-day I feel a twinge of shame when I recall a lie that I told to my Greek professor, a man whom I revered even when I skipped his lectures. He had given us a passage of English to translate into Greek prose, and a friend of mine, who had translated the passage two years before, happened to have a copy of the Greek in an old exercise book. In order to save the trouble of making the version myself, and as I wished to send in the prose in order to please the professor, I copied out the Greek in the exercise book, incorporating a number of corrections that had been made in red ink. A few days later the professor called me up, and asked me whether the Greek was my own. As my friend was by this time his assistant, and as I had a muddled notion that I could not give myself away without giving him away, I replied: "Yes, sir." "Strange," he said, in his beautiful dreamy voice; "some of your phrases are exactly the same as Arrian uses in the original." I am not sure that I had ever heard of Arrian, and I certainly had not realised that I was merely translating into Greek English translation of one of his chapters, or that the corrections in red ink were Arrian's own vile words. I did my best to register surprise at the extraordinary resemblance between my Greek and Arrian's, but I knew that the professor knew that I had been lying, though neither of us said anything. There was no need of a lie-detecter to convict me. I did not see myself in a mirror, but I will swear that my attempt to register surprise was a hollow failure.

For more practised liars, however, the use of the mechanical lie-detector may be necessary. There may even come a time when its use will be universal and when the State will compel every citizen to wear the instrument on his wrist like a watch. In those days, when a man tries to sell you a real gold ring for five shillings, you will only have to seize him by the wrist and study his graph in order to prove his genuineness. Antique furniture dealers, selling worm-holed cabinets, will suddenly find their souls laid bare as their customers study their pulses. Even the housemaid who says that her mistress is out will have to submit to the examination of her lie-detector before the visitor will leave. On being paid a compliment, or on hearing a story to the detriment of a friend, you will then ask for a moment's glance at the lie-detector; and if anyone promises anything with particular vehemence, you will see from his wrist whether he is lying. On the whole, I think, this will make for an improvement in social relations. But we must still keep a few licensed liars for our entertainment. Put a lie-detector on the wrist of —— or ——, and the reason for his existence will be gone.

Y. Y.

THE ENGLISH LECTURER IN AMERICA

(FROM AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.)

STIRRED by the adventures of Mr. J. B. Priestley in the United States, Miss Rebecca West wrote an article for the *Daily Telegraph*, the purpose of which is summed up in this sentence: "I would advise any writer, of whatever standing, not to lecture when he visits the United States." This is good advice; but Miss Rebecca West supports it with bad reasons. Hoping, therefore, to make the advice more persuasive, I wish to give the true reasons why most Englishmen should not lecture in the United States or anywhere else.

Miss West believes that Americans have a defensive and

hostile attitude toward the English, and are therefore likely to take offence at anything an Englishman says. Doubtless, in certain sections of the United States, there is a prejudice against the English; but Miss West is wrong in thinking that the general distaste for English lecturers can be traced to this far from general hostility to the English. The same Englishman who gets himself disliked upon the lecture platform gets himself heartily liked, as friend or as casual acquaintance, when he is off the platform—which suggests that the trouble with the English lecturer is not so much that he is English as that he is a lecturer. It is this point that I wish to make, namely, that there is something rotten about the whole system of lecture tours, and that an author should not undertake such a tour if his only qualification is the ability to write good books. And, as a secondary point, I wish to suggest that the English are especially ill-fitted for the lecture platform. In other words, any popular lecture is apt to be a misfortune, but such a lecture by an Englishman is apt to be a source of real grief.

Mr. Shaw has written—describing his own days as a Socialist lecturer—that after he and the other young Fabians had been at the business for a few years there came a time when behind every sentence of every speech they delivered there was a closely-thought pamphlet-full of material. It is an obvious, but neglected, fact that only under such circumstances can a lecture be anything but a form of money-grabbing. If a lecture is not a condensation, by a master, of material that the hearer would otherwise search far to find, then it is a mere exploitation of the laziness and curiosity of the public. It is no excuse that the public will pay eagerly to be exploited. The public will pay eagerly for opium or for pornographic postcards, if you care to sell them. . . . . And there is another pre-requisite for popular lecturing, equally obvious and equally rare: the lecturer must have a gift for clarity and simplification.

If the usual author's lecture tour be considered in the light of these two requirements—authority and lucidity—it will be seen why, in Miss Rebecca West's words, " the English lecturer is in America a standing joke, rather like mothers-in-law, or kippers, or the Albert Memorial." What commonly happens is this: an author who has written some successful novels is besieged by offers from lecture bureaus to make a tour in the United States. Because he is flattered, and because he would like to see America, he accepts one of these offers—and immediately his enterprise is off on the wrong foot; that is, he has decided to lecture for irrelevant reasons, and he is without the one excuse for lecturing—a subject that he has mastered, and that seems to him important, and that he eagerly desires to present in person to large groups of people. Having decided to lecture, the author then searches his brain for possible subjects. He thus puts himself on a level with the frivolous majority in his audiences: they want to *see* him, not hear him, because they have read his books, and it satisfies a gossip's instinct to be able to talk about his looks and his mannerisms; and he is willing to be exhibited on these terms, else he would never appear on a platform without something that he passionately wanted to say. In the end he probably gets up a group of lectures on such subjects as *Women and the Modern Novel*, *Women and the Post-War World*, *Women in Politics*, and *Women and the New Morality*. If, by chance, there is anything in the world that this novelist really knows about, he probably leaves it off his list for fear it would seem dull. . . . . After these depressing preliminaries the lecture tour gets under way. Naturally, it is flat and unnecessary.

There is, of course, no defence for the people who continue to patronise such lectures. And I can assure Miss West that the audiences are just as much a standing joke in the United States as are the English lecturers themselves. But, as in the case of many standing jokes—such as mothers-in-law and the Albert Memorial—the matter is really rather grim and serious. Attending lectures, instead of reading or thinking or letting in the cat or doing any useful thing, is a vice. As with most serious vices, the danger is that the victim has a temporary feeling of power and importance, and that he gains this feeling without the least effort. That is why it is a moral obligation for a serious author not to lecture unless he has something that must be said, and unless he is convinced that he can say it compellingly. Otherwise he is pandering to mental inertia and wasting years of other people's time. The hours that Americans have wasted at lectures would, if laid end to end, reach all the way from William Jennings Bryan to Anatole France.

My secondary point, that the English are peculiarly unfitted for the lecture platform, can be briefly explained. Two of the obvious, and charming, characteristics of the English people are amateurishness and diffidence. Both of these are assets except on the lecture platform. A disrespect for the expert is a healthy state of mind; and the English habit of self-depreciation is a pleasing trait in a loud and bumptious world. Yet it is easy to see why these two good qualities combine to make the ordinary Englishman a bad lecturer. Because of his amateur attitude he is willing to believe that anybody can lecture, just as he believes that anybody can tell dialect stories. And the lecture-agencies encourage this wild notion, since they make money from it. They are untroubled by the fact that English lecturers have become a standing joke, for they know that there is still a demand for the joke, and that they will make money so long as they can keep up the supply of eccentric Englishmen with well-known names attached.

Just as English amateurishness leads to the delusion that anyone can lecture, so English diffidence ensures that the lecturer, once he has been inveigled across the Atlantic, will put his worst foot forward on every public occasion. For diffidence, though delightful in the drawing-room or on the printed page, is absurd or insulting on the lecture platform. It is absurd if it is watched with detachment; it is insulting if—as usually happens in America—it is interpreted, not as diffidence, but as boredom and superiority. American audiences cannot be expected to know that if an Englishman is excited and interested he conceals his shame behind an air of languid indifference. They cannot be expected to know that a disdainful refusal to enunciate more than one syllable in even the longest word is not a device for annoying the audience, but merely a sign that the lecturer has had an expensive education.

The more English people who travel in America the better for international relations; the less who lecture the better for everything. H. A.

SAVIOURS OF SOCIETY

EV'RY disaster that falls on humanity,
Each exhibition of human insanity,
Brings compensations, philosophers say.
Think what a blessing, for instance, is war for us,
Giving the people who welter in gore for us
Chances their greatness of soul to display.

So, when we read in our *Mail* of the urgency,
Bitter and grim, of the national emergency,
Let us take courage and count up the gain.

Think of the saviours of human society
Rising among us in endless variety,
Each with his slogan and plan of campaign—

Beaverbrook's myrmidons, score upon score of them;
Mosley's new party (I think there are four of them);
Simon, uncertain on which side to fight.
Think of the chances for pent-up loquacity
Open to those who would prove their capacity,
Putting (in theory) ev'rything right.

Think how the crisis has dragged from obscurity
Heroes whose names will go down to futurity
Blazoned as "candidate," even "M.P."
Surely your blessings will mingle with mine upon
Woes that permitted the spot-light to shine upon
Admiral Taylor and Petter (Sir E.).

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

A REVENUE TARIFF

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes' article in your last issue falls into two parts; the first is an analysis of the present economic situation of Britain, leading up to a contrast of contractionist and expansionist remedies; the second part is a deliverance of Mr. Keynes' judgment in favour of a tariff for revenue which would also have a protectionist influence. The connection between the two parts is so small, and the argument in the second part is so compressed, that in effect we are given a judgment without reasons. One would have to be as subtle as Mr. Keynes himself to see how and why the analysis in the first part can lead up to the judgment in the second part. Nor have we any means of deciding how far Mr. Keynes means to go in throwing over those teachings of economic science which have hitherto been accepted by him as by other economists. I hope that he will, by expanding the argument of this second part, give to myself and to others the opportunity of dealing seriously with it. Meanwhile, I must be content to set out as simply and categorically as Mr. Keynes himself an opposite judgment and the consideration on which it rests.

Tariff controversy, in this country as elsewhere, takes place almost inevitably on two planes. Most of it is between people who do not understand the rudiments of economics and others who do. Mr. Keynes may be right or may be wrong (he is in my judgment quite wrong) in his estimate that ninety per cent. of his countrymen would agree with the attitude which he now announces. What is certain is that ninety per cent. of those who would support him would do so for reasons which he himself has ridiculed in the past. They would use arguments of crude protectionism, arguments, in his own phrase, of the two-plus-two-equals-five variety. On this plane of controversy Mr. Keynes and I, and anybody who can understand economics at all, must be solidly united against the advocate of tariffs.

On the other hand, as between people understanding the rudiments of economics, controversy for and against a tariff does not turn so much on economic considerations as on judgments of human nature in politics. All economists have always recognised that theoretically there are cases in which the imposition of a tariff of a particular kind for a particular purpose may increase wealth and not diminish it, may be advantageous on purely economic grounds. Economists have differed, and do differ, as to the frequency with which such theoretical cases for protection arise, and the degree of importance to be attached to them. I hope before long to give my reasons for thinking that even theoretically their importance is small. But whether their importance in theory be great or be little, there is one practical consideration which has caused nearly all economists at all times, as it causes me now, to disregard them in practice and to oppose tariffs. No government that the world has yet seen can be trusted to apply a tariff scientifically, up to the point where it may do good and not beyond that point; hardly any government has ever succeeded in removing a tariff, and none has done so without bitter opposition.

From this point of view Mr. Keynes' suggestion that free trade parties should acquiesce in his decision for a revenue tariff, and declare their intention of removing the duties in the event of world prices recovering to the level of 1929, is fantastic. The essence of every protective tariff is that by shaping men's livelihoods it breeds vested interests. It becomes in a few years as hard to get rid of as an amendment of the American Constitution. Until I read Mr. Keynes' article, I used to say that no one but interested parties would now argue that a tariff once put on could easily come off again. After reading it, I still say that no one but a child would believe them.—Yours, etc.,

94 Campden Hill Road, W. 8. W. H. BEVERIDGE.
March 10th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Whatever be the dangers that Mr. Keynes' proposals are designed to meet, there is one danger which is even more imminent. It is that, under cover of the cry "The emergency has arrived," the country may be rushed by the politicians, the Press, and the authority of Mr. Keynes' name, into policies which require careful and detached examination, in an atmosphere free from hysteria and panic. More especially is it necessary that the public should not be induced to believe, by silence on the part of professional economists, that the weight of Mr. Keynes' name alone is sufficient to neutralise the misgivings which even a cursory reading of his article must raise in the mind of anyone familiar with accepted economic teaching on these matters. For this reason, without at the moment entering into a detailed discussion, we ask to be permitted to express our disagreement with many of Mr. Keynes' statements, and to urge that, whatever the final attitude to be adopted in regard to them, panic tactics are a poor substitute for rational deliberation.—Yours, etc.,

The Victoria University of Manchester. G. W. DANIELS.
March 10th. T. E. GREGORY.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes' estimate of the yield of his emergency tariff makes it a generous spread rather than an iron ration, but unfortunately investigation of the possibilities brings us down again to hard tack and bully beef.

On the basis of the import totals for 1929 it would be possible to arrive at a figure of 75 millions sterling, but only by the sort of calculation with which Mr. Amery has made us familiar. The figures in question are:

RETAINED IMPORTS, 1930.	£ millions.
I. Food, drink and tobacco	452
II. Raw materials	212
III. Articles wholly or mainly manufactured	283

Five per cent. on the first two categories and 15 per cent. on the last give exactly £75 million, but this does not exempt any raw materials, allow for any rebates, nor for any exclusion of imported goods in favour of home products. Incidentally, it does not make any concession for a claim which will undoubtedly arise, namely, that for Imperial Preference.

But before estimates can be made of the effect of such allowances, there is a correction which one feels has been overlooked by Mr. Keynes. This arises from the fact that the import totals for 1931 will undoubtedly be considerably lower than those shown above for 1930. The effect of the great fall in prices which occurred over 1930 and has continued in 1931 can be gauged by a comparison of the overseas trade results for January and February of this year with those for the corresponding months of 1930. The future trend of prices and trade is, of course, still very uncertain, but if we assume that the January trade will bear the same proportion to the twelve-month as in 1928 and 1929, the following is a generous estimate of this year's import totals:

	£ million.
I. Food, drink and tobacco	400
II. Raw materials	160
III. Manufactures	230

On these figures the same crude application of the two flat rates would indicate to the unsophisticated a revenue of about £62 million.

But Mr. Keynes proposes to exempt raw cotton and wool, and I doubt if he would really exclude from this exemption such raw materials as iron and non-ferrous ores, wood and timber,

hides and skins, paper-making materials and rubber. In any case, after rebates are allowed on imported raw materials entering into exports, very little revenue would be derived from Group II.

Next, has Mr. Keynes taken into consideration the commodities in the food and manufactures groups which are already subject to duty? Does he, for example, propose to clap an additional 15 per cent. on to the duties already imposed on silk and artificial silk, motor vehicles, musical instruments, clocks and watches? If so, these duties will be in the neighbourhood of 50 per cent., and the Morris-Cambridge (K type) will appear on the roads in grateful recognition. But it won't be a cheap car, nor will running be cheap if 15 per cent. extra goes on petrol, another commodity included in the manufactures group that is already taxed.

In the food group, £54 million of retained imports were in the dutiable category in 1930, and we can reckon this at £45 million for the current year. This class could certainly carry another 5 per cent., but one would be glad to learn Mr. Keynes' intentions in this respect. If he is merciful to the whole raw materials group, and to the range of foodstuffs and manufactures already taxed, the crude figure of £62 million quoted above would be reduced to at least £44 million.

In so far as Mr. Keynes', proposal put into practice leads to the "substitution of home-produced goods for goods previously imported, it will increase employment in this country"; but the same process will, of course, correspondingly reduce the amount of the revenue. By how much? Let us assume a fair degree of inelasticity in the case of food, and of elasticity in the case of manufactures. A reduction of 5 per cent. in the volume of foodstuffs hitherto untaxed, and of 25 per cent. in the manufactures now entering free, would curtail the new revenue by about £8 million. We are now down to £36 million, and can go on to consider the broad and simple rebates which, unfortunately, do not permit a broad and simple calculation.

It is a commonplace that a large proportion of our manufactured imports (one-half in 1929) require further processes to be performed upon them in this country, and in this respect constitute a form of raw material (in some cases quite crude) for our industries. Iron and steel and non-ferrous manufactures are obvious examples of such imported "raw material" which enters into exports. If we assume that one-half of the £180 million entering under the tariff in category III is in the partly manufactured stage, and that one-third of this is destined to enter into exports, then the consequent rebates would reduce the revenue to about £30 million. It would be painful to encroach on this by a consideration of Imperial Preference, and it is more cheerful to contemplate the increased employment entailed in the construction of bonded warehouses and by overtime in the Customs and Excise. What is less cheerful is the thought of the volume to be thrust under our noses on a cold wet night on a draughty quay at Folkestone: "Have you anything to declare on pages 1 to 200?"—Yours, etc.,

London. G. L. SCHWARTZ.
March 10th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Students of Customs tariff administration who examine closely Mr. Keynes' "Proposals for a Revenue Tariff" will find at least two of the administrative aspects no less intriguing than the analytical questions which are raised.

The tariff history of the United Kingdom during the last century suggests that if the object of tariff policy is really to secure the largest possible *net* revenue (after deducting all administrative expenses) and not protection, the number of desirable tariff items will probably be small, their magnitude will be determined separately for each commodity, and corresponding excise duties will not be forgotten. Mr. Keynes' proposals for "a flat rate or perhaps two flat rates, each applicable to wide categories of goods," involve either a return to the Dark Ages of tariff administration or else a new contribution to public finance which really deserves more elaboration from its author.

"Rebates would be allowed in respect of imported material entering into exports, but raw materials, which make up an important proportion of the value of exports, such as wool and cotton, would be exempt." The rebates "should be calculated on broad and simple lines." The term "rebate" throws into regrettable obscurity an important feature of the proposals. Would all imported raw materials which comprise a given proportion of the value of exports be exempted on arrival from payment of duty, irrespective of whether they are ultimately used for the home trade or for export? Or would revenue considerations prevail so far as to require the machinery of drawbacks on re-exports? Tariff administrators, harassed by the duty of estimating the quantity of imported raw material utilised in a given quantity of exported manufactures, will reproach Mr. Keynes for withholding from his article some description of the "broad and simple lines" of a drawback system which will overcome this difficulty, and which will establish the amount of imported raw material in each case, even when the manufacturer is not the importer of the raw material, and the exporter is not the manufacturer, and even when the imported raw material is utilised only to make intermediary goods which are used in making the exported manufactures.

Perhaps Mr. Keynes intends that the additional employment which he confidently anticipates would follow the adoption of his proposals should be concentrated in the Department of Customs and Excise?—Yours, etc.,

19 Wildwood Road, N.W. 11. ARNOLD PLANT.
March 10th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Do I understand Mr. Keynes's proposals aright? I gather that he proposes to secure profits, establish confidence, and thereby promote expansion of trade without lowering our standard of life, by taxing imports, including food and most raw materials, to the tune, if possible, of £75,000,000. By the time such goods reached the consumers this would mean an added cost to them of not less, probably far more, than £100,000,000.

Mr. Keynes says that "the effect on cost of living would be insignificant." But would not the £100,000,000 more spent on these goods mean £100,000,000 less to spend on other goods, in addition to at least an equal amount in added cost of competing home produced articles? As the same money wages would buy fewer goods, I do not see how this will either maintain the standard of life or increase home production. Will he kindly explain?

The duties are to be put on by Free Traders with the "intention" of taking them off when world prices revert to those of 1929. This is to create the confidence needed to insure expansion.

The history of Safeguarding and of the Sugar Bounty shows the ease with which such intentions get fulfilled. And how can duties intended to be cancelled, and liable to change with every change of government, create confidence, or, indeed, do other than destroy it? Perhaps he knows. I don't.

Mr. Keynes says that the substitution of home produced for imported goods will increase employment. Yes, in the production of the substituted goods. But how will this add to the profits and the confidence necessary to the expansion of the trades producing the exports which would have paid for the imports? Apparently by way of reduction. For though "the effect on the cost of our exports, after allowing for the rebates—would be very small," he admits it would be there, and on the present minute margins this might lose to competitors orders to the value of millions. Our main trouble now is with the export trades. Costs artificially increased might complete their ruin.

Mr. Keynes admits that his plan would "take away" the "buying power" of our foreign customers, a method of expansion suggestive of Alice in Wonderland. But he proposes to restore it to them by loans financed in London. If they transfer their purchases to our competitors would not placing their loans where they buy their goods be more likely?

I am not a professed economist, only a business man with fifty years' experience. I hold that taxes on trade hamper trade, and that hampering trade is not the way to restore, let alone expand it.

Mr. Keynes says "it would not be true" if "fanatical Free Traders" allege "that the adverse effect of import duties on our exports would neutralise" the benefits he assumes would follow his plan. Question-begging names may create prejudice. They are not convincing, and seem rather beneath the dignity of such an authority. If to believe that two and two make four, and that in the long run principle is the truest expedience is fanaticism, I accept the sneer.

I believe his "revenue duties" would spell disaster, that they would make easy the way to Protection and be welcomed by Protectionists with open arms, and although open to conviction by argument, I am unconvinced by a dogmatic statement on mere authority, even his. I shall welcome more light on the foregoing.—Yours, etc.,

Hillsborough, H. G. CHANCELLOR.
15 Crescent Road, Crouch End, N. 8.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I like Mr. Keynes's "take it or leave it" style. It enlivens economics and removes from it the reproach of being either dull or a science. But, all the same, style is not everything.

Others no doubt will question his cheery *obiter dicta* about the saving graces of fifteen and five per cent. tariffs. All I want to do is to ask a few questions on one point.

Bang in the middle of his exposition of the neo-Liberal creed for the better raising of profits and the depressing of the Social Services, comes a declaration that one of the measures necessary to neutralise the dangers of "a policy of expansion" is "a decision to reform the grave abuses of the dole."

Will Mr. Keynes tell us what is "the dole"? Will he give definite examples of the alleged "grave abuses"? On what proved authority does he allege that there are "grave abuses"? Has he any idea—and if he has, on what is it based—as to the amount of money that the measure he advocates would "save"?

Mr. Keynes has a reputation for being a precise person. Let him use his precision now, for there are many who would like more pure light on this "dole business" than either he or the Treasury witness at the Unemployment Insurance Commission have deigned to shed.—Yours, etc.,

63 Prince of Wales Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W. 11. March 9th. WILLIAM MELLOR.

EPSTEIN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Even Lady Oxford's most penetrating mind may well have been baffled by my cryptic (almost apocalyptic) sentence, though I cannot help suspecting that she really understands what I meant!

Some artists of genius in prophetic moods have second sight. Before the War, Kandinsky painted a picture which foreshadowed war in the air and bombed trenches. "Did you feel in 1913 that the war was coming?" I asked him. "No," was his answer, "but I knew that there was a terrible struggle going on in the spiritual sphere"—the overture to what the world was to suffer.

At Oslo the latest works of the great sculptor Vigeland signify (though probably without conscious intention on the part of the artist) that the world will enter upon a period of neo-primitivism—cultivated perhaps but plain-living and rather poverty-stricken.

These pictures and sculptures are like signs in the sky. Mr. Epstein's "Genesis" is another. Genius is sensitive to the trend of things. I don't say that the forebodings of great artists are always fulfilled on the scene of human life. They spring from realities veiled from our common eyes. However, but for one thing, I should feel sure that a cyclone is coming and should move securities to Paris or New York.—Yours, etc.,

University College, Oxford. March 7th. MICHAEL E. SADLER.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Lady Oxford is correct:

> The artist to the world has made it plain,
> This sort of thing must not occur again.
> Let us express our very earnest hopes,
> Someone will send at once for Marie Stopes.

—Yours, etc.,

London. March 7th. M. E. DURHAM.

"THE ART OF BORROWING"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Milward Kennedy is mistaken when he says "*that*, presumably is the end of the International Art Exhibitions in London." I am credibly informed that there is to be at least one more in the near future, and it may after all be unnecessary to subscribe to Mr. Kennedy's desponding view.

As the Peer alluded to by Mr. Kennedy as venturing to make the point that the pictures in the National Collections are the property of the public who should, therefore, have the first right of access to them, let me assure him that I stick to my guns, and consider that it would be a gross abuse of national property of this kind to make use of it for the decoration of British Embassies abroad, and that I shall continue, when necessary, to protest against any such procedure.

If Mr. Kennedy will refer again to the Report of the Royal Commission he will find that the recommendation that loans overseas should be made possible was based mainly upon the importance of making British art, and more particularly the British School of Painting, known as it should be and is not, upon the Continent of Europe. It appears that there is general agreement upon this point, and certainly I hold that view very strongly, and have always been entirely in favour of that part of the Bill.

Has Mr. Kennedy taken note of the fact that the principal opposition to the Bill as introduced by the Government came from two trustees of the British Museum, and two trustees of the National Gallery; and further that the question asked (in both Houses of Parliament) as to whether the directors of institutions affected have reported upon the proposals in the Bill, and if so, in what sense, has not yet been answered?—Yours, etc.,

Betteshanger, Eastry, Kent. NORTHBOURNE.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I do not share your correspondent's regrets on "Education, the Next Step," rather did it appear to me as the most "excitingly good" thing in a most excellent number.

Though the raising of the school age is a necessity of our times, the need is not appreciated by the electors, and whatever solution is found will have to be submitted to them at the next General Election. Unfortunately the Lords are aware that no working-class constituency can be won on the plain issue of raising the school age to fifteen years of age. What, therefore, can be done?

The ground of present controversy might be overcome by raising the age four months in three successive years. In three years' time the reduced birth-rate would operate to save the necessity of increased accommodation for larger numbers. There would be value in this solution as the teachers would "grow" into the requirements of a higher educational standard.

True education does not require children to be grouped according to sectarian fancy, the modern tendency is to group according to ability. The least to be expected of those with a sectarian fancy is that they should pay for it. The State cannot be expected to teach strange doctrine.

The Churches have not demanded the raising of the school age in order to combat Paganism or moral degeneration. They have made no demand. The demand arises out of the necessity of the times. If we are debarred from raising the school age, two things are then required: (1) the opening up of day continuation schools for all between fourteen and sixteen years of age, with compulsory attendance for one day per week; (2) increased grants for scholarships and maintenance allowances so that all who qualify at eleven years of age for a secondary education may be able to accept it for the full period of four years.—Yours, etc.,

Bournville. HAROLD WATTS.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I must protest against the ungenerous tone of your paragraph on Sir Charles Trevelyan's resignation. It is the more surprising in view of your leader of the previous week on the education issue. One would almost think that your attitude on education is purely opportunist. Otherwise how reconcile your present regret that an agreed measure containing a religious compromise was not passed eighteen months ago, with your plea of last week that the Government should have had the courage to make the necessary reorganisation under full State control, and without concessions to the denominations? I believe Sir Charles throughout would have been glad to fight for this latter policy, but has been hampered and harried at every turn by the timidity of vote-catching members of his party, who made concession after concession to the reactionary elements, until finally no person who cared for educational reform had any heart to fight for the Bill at all.

There is great desire for educational change among the people at large, who are as impatient with the politicians on this issue as they are on many others. The intelligent weeklies could have rendered a great service to education had they had the courage a year ago to advocate boldly the policy suggested in your recent leader. Sir Charles's hand would then have been strengthened, and the Catholic members would have been warned in time not to proceed with their wrecking amendment. At that time both

your two weeklies refused to reckon with the approaching danger. It scarcely becomes you now to sneer at the Education Minister after leaving him to fight a lone hand.—Yours, etc.,

Telegraph House, Harting, Petersfield. DORA RUSSELL.

[We were far from sneering at Sir Charles Trevelyan, whose persistent and disinterested work for education we have always acknowledged. But that was no reason for not frankly explaining the reasons for his failure. Nor do we understand the charge of inconsistency. Our education policy may be summarised as follows: we regretted that the Bill was not introduced eighteen months ago and were willing to accept a religious compromise in order to facilitate its passage. We supported the compromise suggested last summer for the same reason. That being defeated, however, we were not prepared to go to the further length of giving sectarian secondary education a permanent endowment, and now urge the Government to begin again on that basis.—EDITOR, *N. S. and N.*]

A SOCIALIST GROUP

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Sir,—During the past few weeks, a group of young men, who are fortunate enough to find themselves in administrative or managerial positions in industry, have come together.

All of us are men who have felt and still feel the need for far-reaching change in the whole industrial system, and who are willing to label ourselves with the general title of "Socialist."

There is a great need for clear thinking in the Socialist Movement on Industrial problems, and we feel that there is not at the moment, any real focus for those with practical, rather than academic experience.

With this in view, groups are being formed, and if any of your readers would feel inclined to learn more of the reasons that have prompted us, will they please get in touch with me at the address below?—Yours, etc.,

Toynbee Hall, London, E. 1. GEORGE W. CADBURY.

ROUSE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As your correspondent criticised the apparent indifference of organisations like the British Legion to the fate of Rouse, who joined up in August, 1914, and was shot through the head, I think it is only fair to the Legion to mention that your correspondent's letter was forwarded to the Home Secretary by the General Secretary of the Legion, so that Mr. Clynes should be again reminded of the serious wound Rouse had incurred in the service of his country.—Yours, etc.,

Chiltern House, Wendover, Bucks. LADBROKE BLACK.

DAME ETHEL SMYTH

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Dame Ethel Smyth has always been unpopular with English musical critics; it takes the Scot or the German, apparently, to understand what she is driving at. But because your own critics object to her recent use of an unusual art-form, is that any reason why they should express their objection in terms of insolence? Might I suggest to the gentleman who cannot stoop to discuss Dame Ethel's latest work seriously that even if that work were a complete failure (I make the supposition purely for argument's sake); even so her record should entitle her to something like courtesy. Perhaps your young gentleman (I hope he is young) does not know her as composer of various works of importance; among others, of a Mass that should live for the glory of its *Credo* alone; and of the jolly virility of *Hey Nonny No!* (I have sometimes wondered whether it were not just this quality of virility which "gets the goat" of Dame Ethel's masculine critics? They feel subconsciously that, being a woman, she should write something sweet and lovesome?)

And whence, oh whence, did he get the idea that critics still feel it is unchivalrous to criticise women adversely? Obviously it was not evolved from his own inner consciousness, since, judging by the specimen of his methods provided, his idea of the way to treat a woman composer is to treat her rough—and very rude.—Yours, etc.,

Chelsea. CICELY HAMILTON.

Owing to pressure on our space a large number of letters have been unavoidably held over.—EDITOR, N. S. & N.

Miscellany

SQUEAK AND GIBBER

In the most high and palmy state of Rome
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

POETICALLY, of course, they could have done nothing else but squeak and gibber. They could never, for example, have cried and muttered, nor wailed and whispered, still less have indulged in hauntings and direct voice manifestations. The mysterious laws of poetry demanded that they should squeak and gibber and do nothing but squeak and gibber. Squeaking and gibbering are, in the circumstances, artistically inevitable; they are also, as it happens, historically correct. For the Roman dead, at any rate in the earlier, higher and palmier phases of Roman history, *did* squeak and gibber. They squeaked as feebly and they gibbered as ineffectively as those poor anæmic ghosts for whom Odysseus prepared, on the border of Hades, that tonic meal of blood. During the millennium which immediately preceded the Christian era, and in the lands surrounding the Mediterranean Sea, ghosts were thin, shadowy, hardly personal beings. The dead survived, but wretchedly, faintly, as mere shadows. "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in Sheol, whither thou goest." The words are from Ecclesiastes; but they might have been spoken almost anywhere in the Mediterranean world at almost any time between the Trojan war and the murder of Julius Cæsar.

The squeak-and-gibber period of immortality came to an end, roughly speaking, at the beginning of the Christian era. Cicero and Virgil were still believers in the Homeric doctrines; they looked forward to a posthumous existence not more, but much less, glorious than life on earth. "Rather would I live on the ground as a hireling of another, with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among the dead." Their views were fundamentally the same as Homer's.

In this they were not, for their age, very modern. For Plato and the mystagogues had already, long before, begun looking forward to a posthumous future very different from that which awaited the Homeric and Old Testament heroes. In Cicero's time the squeak-and-gibber hypothesis was fast becoming antiquated. The rise of Christianity rendered it heretical as well as old-fashioned. The Christian dead were not allowed to squeak and gibber; they had either to sing and play the harp or else to scream in never-ending agony. And they have continued to make music or scream until very recent times. In the course of the last century, however, very considerable changes have taken place. The fully Christian, fully personal, fully moral dead, with their music and their beatific vision, their deprivation of God's presence and their tortures, are now, I should guess, in the minority. What of the other departed? Many of them are simply non-existent; for the number of people who either dogmatically don't believe in, or else agnostically or uncaringly simply don't bother about immortality, is now considerable. Some, however, are glorious but impersonal survivors, re-absorbed, pantheistically, into a divine and universal whole. Others again—the departed ones with whom certain spiritualists establish contacts, live on in an up-to-date version of the Red Indian's Happy Hunting Ground, a superior and slightly less material repetition of the present world complete with whiskies and sodas, cigars and midget golf courses. The number of believers in this sort of survival seems to be increasing. Finally there is the scientific Psychical Researcher, whose views on the future life (if we may judge from the pronouncements of such eminent authorities as

Professor C. E. Broad and M. René Sudre) seem to be almost indistinguishable from those held by Homer and the author of Ecclesiastes. For all that survives, according to these researchers (and the existing evidence, it seems to me, does not justify one in going any further) is what Professor Broad calls a " psychic factor "—something which, in conjunction with a material brain, creates a personality but which, in isolation, is no more personal than matter. The dead, then, survive, but only fragmentarily, feebly, as mere wisps of floating memories. In a word, the squeak-and-gibber theory of survival is that which, according to some of the most competent scientific observers, best fits the available facts. Western thought has come back, where the question of immortality is concerned, to the point from which it started. And this is not surprising; for as Professor Leuba pointed out years ago in his excellent book, *The Belief in God and Immortality*, the Homeric conception of survival, the squeak-and-gibber theory, as I have called it, is fundamentally scientific—a theory made to fit observable facts. Some of these facts, as we now see, were perfectly irrelevant to the question of survival. The living sometimes have dreams or waking visions of the dead; sometimes, when they are thinking of the departed, they experience the strange and singularly convincing " sense of presence." Ingenuous minds interpret such experiences in terms of a theory of survival—a squeak-and-gibber theory; for it is the only one which fits this class of facts, just as it is the only one which fits the facts (if facts they are) of apparitions, hauntings, and the like. The modern psychical researcher bases his squeak-and-gibber theory on this latter class of " supernormal " facts. The contemporaries of Homer based their similar theory on these same super-normalities (for presumably they manifested themselves then at least as often as they do now); but also on the quite irrelevant normalities of dream, vision, sense of presence and the like. Old and new, both are scientific theories, that is to say, theories made to fit certain observed facts. The only difference between them is that the Homeric theorists accepted, as relevant, facts which we now see to have been beside the point. It happened, however, that their squeak-and-gibber theory fitted the irrelevant facts as neatly as it fitted and fits the relevant facts. So that their mistake was comparatively unimportant.

The Platonic and Christian theory of immortality—the harp-and-scream, as opposed to the squeak-and-gibber, conception of a future life—is in no sense a scientific hypothesis. It was not created to fit observed facts; it was created to satisfy certain desires—some, of the most crassly selfish nature, others, the most loftily idealistic. The existence of these ideals and aspirations and even of these purely selfish longings for a continuance of personal being has been taken by many philosophers as the major premise of an argument, whose conclusion is the proved fact of personal and retributive immortality. But, as Broad has shown, it is hard (though not, in certain cases, impossible) to construct a logical bridge between the world of morality and the world of scientific truth; and anyhow, as a matter of historical fact, such bridges, when constructed, have almost invariably collapsed. Thus, the moral argument in favour of immortality will not bear the weight of scepticism. This logical bridge is a hopelessly ramshackle structure and can be crossed only by those who wear the wings of faith and therefore have no real need of its support. As for the biological argument—that the existence of an inborn desire must imply the existence of an object of that desire, as hunger implies the existence of food and sexual desire that of a possible mate—this would be cogent only if the desire were universal. But it is not and has never been universal; the desire for survival is therefore not analogous to hunger or sexual appetite. Other philosophers have argued from the desire to the fact of immortality by asserting our incapacity even to conceive the cessation of our consciousness. This inconceivability of our own unconsciousness is a fact of psychology upon which it is interesting and profitable to meditate. But since there is no difficulty at all in conceiving the cessation of other people's consciousness, I do not see that the argument derived from this fact can ever be wholly convincing. Immortality of the Platonic or Christian kind has been and must presumably remain the object only of hope, of longing, of faith; the survival, if survival it is, which is the object of scientific observation is survival of the Homeric kind—the squeak-and-gibber survival of shadowy and impersonal " psychic factors." By trying to interpret the facts of psychical research in terms of a modified Christian hypothesis, the spiritualists have involved themselves in inextricable difficulties. For the facts of psychical research simply do not warrant the adoption of anything remotely resembling a harp-and-scream conception of survival; the only rational interpretation to which they lend themselves is an interpretation in terms of some kind of squeak-and-gibber theory. Which is, admittedly, rather depressing. But then a great many things in this universe are rather depressing. Others, fortunately, are not. What we lose on the swings of pain, pointlessness and evil, we gain on a variety of æsthetic, sensuous, intellectual and moral roundabouts. Given a reasonable amount of luck, it is possible to live a not intolerable life. And if, afterwards, we find ourselves condemned to squeak and gibber, why, then, squeak and gibber we must. In the meantime let us make the best of rational speech.

One of the stock arguments in favour of Platonic and Christian immortality is this : if there were no future life, or at any rate no belief in future life, men would be justified in behaving like animals and, being justified, would all incontinently start taking the advice of Horace and the Preacher to do nothing but swill, guzzle and copulate. Even a man of Dostoevsky's intelligence oracularly affirms that " all things would be permitted " if there were no such thing as immortality. These moralists seem to forget that there are many human beings who simply don't want to pass their lives eating, drinking and being merry or, alternatively, like Russian heroes, raping, murdering and morally torturing their friends. The deadly tedium of the Horatian and the nauseating unpleasantness of the Dostoevskyan life would be quite enough, survival or no survival, to keep me at any rate (in these matters one can only speak for oneself) unswervingly in the narrow way of domestic duty and intellectual labour. For the narrow way commands an incomparably wider, and, so far as I am concerned, an incomparably fairer prospect than the primrose path; fulfilled, domestic duties are a source of happiness, and intellectual labour is rewarded by the most intense delights. It is not the hope of heaven that prevents me from leading what is technically known as a life of pleasure; it is simply temperament. I happen to find the life of pleasure boring and painful. And I should still find it boring and painful even if it were irrefragably proved to me that I was destined to be extinguished or, worse, to survive in the form of a squeaking and gibbering shade—as one of the " weak heads," in Homer's expressive phrase—*νεκύων ἀμενηνὰ κάρηνα*–the weak heads of the dead. Those who have attended spiritualistic séances will agree that the description is painfully accurate.

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

THE FOUR GEORGES

THE family portraits at S—— Hall were opaque squares of canvas in the brightest weather; by lamplight they were only darker shadows. Here the ghost of a feature was dimly to be discerned, there one could guess at an eye or the curl of a wig. A square foot or so of red betokened the officer sons, of blue or grey the stay-at-homes. Bits of the ladies' bodices seemed of the hard consistency of cardboard, their faces Columbine masks. The hands in all cases were carrot bunches. The curiosity of the collection

was a murky Sir Henry of the seventeen-seventies whose eyes followed one round the dining-room with a Kitchener-wants-*you* relentlessness. The one treasure was a newly-married young ladyship painted in London by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The others were the works of local painters, a race now extinct, of whom Wright, of Derby, was the glory. The overlords of S—— and their ladies had sat to them, grandfather, father and son, in another Midland county-town, with a touch or two from barber and milliner before the ordeal of rigidity began. Alas for regional pride! The Reynolds—what there was of it—was far the best of the gallery, and, curiously enough, although it had been painted in London and with the young ladyship especially dressed up, it was also the homeliest, at its ease in the old room. Yet at The Four Georges Exhibition, in Park Lane, Reynolds loses his supremacy, and the Gainsboroughs and Romneys are disappointing as well.

They are none of them sensational; their passage to America would hardly call for the effusion of crocodile's tears in Fleet Street. But they are good average examples of their artists' work and have an undoubted value as national relics. They take their place with Nelson's *Victory* and Adam's rooms and the heroic couplet. Each painter, too, has his recipe for expression to break the frozen attitude in portraiture, with Gainsborough the natural dignity, with Reynolds the hearty straightforwardness, and with Romney the simper. But in spite of their attempts to escape it, the grand manner was too much for them, with all the menacing abstractions in its train—the Antique, the Ideal, the Heroic and the Beautiful. Had the male sitter a flicker of character, then Gainsborough and Reynolds surrendered happily. With the ladies, however, it is as though they felt bound to satisfy the claims of the Beautiful before those of individual beauty, and too many of the portraits at the Four Georges Exhibition are oppressed by formula. One turns from them with relief to the little Downman sketch of Anne Phœbe and Rowlandson's horse-fair at Southampton, and above all one misses Hogarth.

Yet life and personality gradually crept into Georgian portraiture, though it came from landscape rather than sitter and entered by way of background. Tentatively the romantic movement broke the painters' classic mould. Thus the trees at the back of Raeburn's rather wooden Mrs. Campbell are natural painting of Nature, with a fine freedom of brushwork denied the portrait itself, and with Lawrence the whole picture springs into vitality. The Lawrence portraits are the most vivid in the exhibition. Both sitter and setting glow with life, and from the leafy background of Lady Charlotte Greville, or from the rose in her bodice, or from the blue eyes of Lady Maria Conyngham, one can understand Delacroix's admiration of the artist and see the beginning of modern painting.

It is, however, in two magnificent examples of the old painting that the key to the pictorial part of the exhibition lies—in the Canalettos of the Thames and Whitehall. The atmosphere of eighteenth-century London could not really have been so clear, nor its scene so wonderfully "set." In the dark house in Beak Street the painter must still have been obsessed by visions of the lagoons and Venice, for his is a London dreaming in alien enchantment. The frozen perfection of these two canvasses is in its own way unsurpassed, and although more than a century and a half of theory and effort in a different direction lies between them and ourselves, their excellence depends upon unchanging qualities. At intervals, in the war of modern schools from the romantics onwards a painter arises whose work has those characteristics made memorable by Canaletto—the clarity, the selection and the absence of exaggeration—such as we see in the earlier Corot and the later Derain, and brings the relief of a cool breeze in fevered air. Emotion, it is true, is sacrificed, for Canaletto is the most passionless of painters, and verisimilitude, once the selection amongst detail has been made, is pushed so far as almost to become unreal, but in exchange is gained that saving grace of proportion among pictorial elements. For all the "movements" have tended to exalt one part of a picture at the expense of the others, whether atmosphere, colour or form. With Canaletto and those who have derived from him, these various parts are all subordinated in exquisite measure to the whole, to the ultimate clear statement made without forced stress or any halting. At the present day, painting seems again to be turning towards such an aim, and the exhibition of these two pictures must be a powerful advocacy for it.

Apart from the Canalettos, the wealth of the exhibition lies elsewhere than in the pictures. The adornments of the Georgian house and person are displayed in the period's furniture, glass, pottery, jewels and costume. The inevitable regret for time past which its collected treasure awakes is perhaps most keenly aroused by the pottery. What modern production gives anything like the embowered shepherdesses from Bow, the Staffordshire saltglaze roses, or the Chelsea harlequinade figures? If the young ladyship brought any of those back with her to S—— Hall from town it was a better outlay even than the Sir Joshua.

T. W. EARP.

MOONLIGHT, YOUNG MONKEY STREET

BY HIROSHIGE.

THE moon,
White as a swan,
Round as a wheel,
Looks on
At the people below in the long street,
And their shadows are cast part by her bright
Cold shining,
And part by the yellow lantern light
From the wooden houses.
But out in the dark beyond the town
There are no lanterns nor folk passing by;
There is nothing—nothing but her
Staring down,
Huge and alone in the sky.

H. F. M. PRESCOTT.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

An Early Shaw Play

IF it is by his potboilers that we shall ultimately know him Mr. Shaw will only have himself to blame. He put into them so much that was stimulating, so much to keep an audience blissfully unfidgeting in their seats, that it is hardly irreverent to suggest that *Fanny's First Play* may outlast in effect all the metabiological quintessences of Shavianism in the world. The present production by the Macdona Players at the Court Theatre serves to show how little difference twenty years have made to the minor points as well as to the essentials of this comment on the "substitution of custom for conscience." And twenty years for this purpose is quite as good as two hundred. Several productions or readings of the earlier rather than the earliest or latest

Shaw would soon dismiss the convenient fallacy that he is out of date. If there are some lines in *Fanny's First Play* that have a Camberwellian flavour to-day, that is merely the temporary misfortune of a prophet. Mr. Knox is a creation for all time, and the contrasts between Knox and Gilbey are observed delicately enough to set any intelligent playwright thinking. It isn't, as Vaughan thinks, "only the actors that make them seem different," so why Mr. Charles Macdona should be made up to resemble a cigarette-picture of a Dickens character heaven knows. The production is graced by a little very fine acting, but almost ruined by some that is quite indifferent. Not a gesture or an intonation in Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's Gilbey could be bettered, and Mr. G. P. Boulton's Duvallet is among the best of his simulations of foreign gentlemen. Miss Ann Trevor is quite successful with Darling Dora's Cockney smartness, and so is Miss Barbara Everest with the more subtle suburby-gentility of Mrs. Gilbey. But Miss Joan Harker is badly cast as Fanny; and among the worst offenders by mere indifference is Mr. Clifford Bartlett, whose actions are just untimed enough to be pointless. But on the whole there can be few productions in London at present more worth seeing.

Jack Oakie

Those who think that Jack Oakie is one of the most delightful ornaments of our latter-day films will hasten to see this enchanting creature in his new picture, *Sea Legs*, at the Plaza. *Sea Legs* is a less important film than *The Sap Abroad* or *Let's Go Native*, which was perhaps the best talkie ever released. Still, it whiles away a delectable hour. In *Sea Legs* Jack Oakie is the most delightful member of the delightful crew of a delightful Dreadnought, in which absence of discipline reaches a point of pure beauty. The scene in which the captain is pitched overboard and the whole crew jump after him to effect a rescue is as gracious and amusing as well could be. There is something which can for lack of a better term only be called *dixhuitième* in this picture of a crew of virtuous sailors, intent on one thing only, to get on shore as quickly as possible and eat up all the sugar-cakes in a teashop. Jack Oakie introduces us to a paradise of pure sweetness, where everything is bound to turn out all right, where incompetence is always rewarded with vast wealth, and where only the wicked can ever be unhappy. Jack Oakie's own inimitable grin is quite simply the friendliest thing in the world, and must warm the coldest heart on the coldest day. What is more, he is in the hands of thoroughly good scenario writers. He does not act in novels or in plays, but in films. I have only seen one bad Oakie film. *Sea Legs* is slight but pure cinema from beginning to end. And what a comfort to get away from the hectic moral problems of Hollywood to this amoral universe of fantasy and farce!

The Making of Oklahoma

Cimarron (or *The Waste Land*), the large new spectacle at the Leicester-square Theatre, which deals with the founding and development of Oklahoma, opens with a magnificent stampede of Covered Waggons, and ends with a lunch stood to the widow of the founder on her election as a progressive member of Congress and the unveiling of a statue to the husband (so soon after *City Lights!*). Thus we may note a progressive decline both of pictorial excitement and moral tenseness. The great trek to Oklahoma and the building up of the first settlements are splendidly realised, but the adapter of the film (which is taken from Miss Ferber's novel), in portraying the corruption and narrowness that follow at once on the birth of social institutions, tentatively poses without trying to answer the problem—Was Oklahoma worth founding after all? At the satire implicit in the theme is never frankly realised, the film loses its grip on the onlooker. The hero-founder, played by Richard Dix, is a combination of so many self-exclusive qualities, such a perfect compound of Captain Cody (with horse and pistol) and William Penn (with Quaker morals), that he hardly becomes human except to be a prig. He is also gifted with the power of poetical speech, which rather grates on the nerves. All through, I thought, there was apt to be too much talk and too little to look at, though some of the minor characters were amusing and well acted. *Cimarron* is worth seeing for a few moments of first-rate spectacle, which become merged in a mass of moralising, elevating in itself, but tiresome to listen to. Probably, however, the film is better than it sounds. And this raises another problem. Was the *Covered Waggon* so far the best of all Covered Waggon films, or did it merely happen to come first?

Chevalier, Playboy of Paris

How quickly fades the glory of our stars! Nobody seems to have a good word to say for the new Chevalier film, *The Playboy of Paris*, at the Carlton. For my own part, perhaps because my pulse remained normal throughout *The Love Parade*, I was easily able to enjoy it. It seems to me an adequate story, acted and photographed in a lively manner, with refreshingly good dialogue. To be sure, the spectacle of a cock in a hen run gets repulsive after a time. Further, some of Chevalier's mannerisms are getting disagreeably pronounced. But this was the inevitable result of the imbecile adulation of which he has been the victim. Anyhow, it will be interesting to see whether half a million flappers turn on him as hastily as has the penny press. The farce of *The Playboy of Paris* is broader than usual, but none the worse for that, while the minor parts are acted with unusual talent. Perhaps this is a film to be visited by all who are not Chevalier fans.

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Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, March 14th.
- Herr Walter Gieseking (piano), Wigmore Hall, 5.30.
- Hockey, England v. Wales.
- Association Football, Semi-Final Cup Tie.

Sunday, March 15th.
- "Phèdre," Everyman Theatre.

Monday, March 16th.
- London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Weisbach, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "Les Cloches de Corneville," Prince Edward Theatre.
- Professor B. Brouwer on "The Central Nervous System" (1), University College, 5.30.
- Art Exhibition, "A Little Town and Some of Its People," by Flora C. Twort. Opened by Gerald Gould. Gieves Gallery, 3.

Tuesday, March 17th.
- "Hedda Gabler," Arts Theatre.
- Professor W. T. Gordon on "Geology," Morley College, 8.
- Professor B. Brouwer on "The Central Nervous System" (2), University College, 5.30.
- The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce on "Flying Alone Round the World," Æolian Hall, 3 and 8.30.

Wednesday, March 18th.
- B.B.C. Symphony Concert, conducted by Oskar Fried, Queen's Hall, 8.

Thursday, March 19th.
- Cochran's 1931 Revue, London Pavilion.
- Royal Choral Society, Bach's Mass in B minor, Albert Hall, 8.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WERE they as funny as we think them? Are we sufficiently sure of ourselves as creatures of eminent beauty and wisdom, that we can afford so easily to have a good laugh at the Victorians? It is a nice point, and I cannot feel that *Victoriana* (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.), "edited and compiled by Margaret Barton and Osbert Sitwell," gives any conclusive answer to the question which recurs to me each time I pick up a book in which some youngling is being dreadfully facetious at the expense of those great men and women of the last century. I do not, of course, mean that one can take the Victorian Age perfectly seriously; but the manner of one's laughter can easily be a criterion of one's own intelligence. There are those who laugh as if there was some absurdity in the Victorian Age greater and more exquisite than any absurdity that ever visited any other age in any other country. This is untrue. The wise observer of human history will find as much material for a good laugh in Periclean Athens as in Edinburgh in the time of Scott or London in the days of Herbert Spencer; and he will never, never forget that, however heartily ridiculous he may think other times than his own, there is always a horrid fear that, in the eyes of some quite impartial spectator, the funniest time of all may be the hey-day of the satirist's own age. That has always been the strength of Mr. Max Beerbohm's work, whether with pen or pencil. No one is so acutely aware of the risible aspect of the solemn in his own time; no one is quicker to recognise, or to register his recognition, that a laughable solemnity may invade the lands of Comus and Parnassus as well as the schools and the Acropolis; and no one is so well aware that one need not go outside the fashions of the moment to find something so ridiculous that it will make the modern age seem perfectly grave, and the Victorian a repository of pure wisdom. He has done a frontispiece for *Victoriana*. In it a procession of Victorians, rather wan and faded, pass under the scrutiny of Mr. Osbert Sitwell, robust, and with a judicial air far more comic than that of the shuffling figures on their way to the cells.

* * *

Actually Mr. Sitwell is not guilty of the error of thinking that "Victorian" is a tiresome misspelling of "a perfect scream." The line he takes is, in its way, sound:

> Victorian wisdom was no more misleading, as we are anxious to demonstrate in subsequent volumes, than Edwardian or Georgian wisdom. The only positive augmentation of true sagacity in these days is our own doubt of it; an increased belief in our own false vitality.

There seems to me to be a mistake here; to be conscious of the truth of one's convictions is a negative rather than a positive addition to sagacity; nor is it very difficult, nor demanding of much mental or moral effort, to be intellectually uncertain. The condition is indeed not one of which sagacity or folly can be predicated; it is prior to the state in which these two conditions have a chance to express themselves. Still, Mr. Sitwell is sound in his conviction that the folly of the Victorian is no worse than the folly of other epochs; and though the extracts found by him and Miss Barton are all chosen with a view to demonstrate the ludicrous side of Victorianism, many a reader will often be surprised to discover how sensible are the opinions expressed. For instance, Mr. Sitwell says that Carlyle and Ruskin are exhibited "not at their wonderful best, but at their silly worst"; and he gives a good many examples from each author, examples that are presumably intended to show Carlyle and Ruskin at "their silly worst."

Yet I wonder. Mr. Sitwell says very wisely that if we treat these great Victorian men of genius too contemptuously, "the secret mind of the reader very rightly rallies to their defence"—and I found myself, without much secrecy, heartily endorsing many opinions here pilloried. For instance, here is an extract from Carlyle:

> Surely of "all rights of man," the right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be gently or forcibly held in his true course by him, is the indisputablest. . . . If Freedom have any meaning, it means enjoyment of this right, wherein all other rights are enjoyed.

Now, I can find nothing ridiculous in that. It is a principle, however we may attempt to blink it, that lies at the root of all legal administration, all international efforts to suppress vice, and of all education. A particular man professing to be wiser than his neighbours may appear a fool; but we all in theory admit that some men are wiser than others, and that it is to those that rule should belong. Then the compilers of *Victoriana* pillory this saying of Ruskin's:

> With respect to the sore temptation of novel reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, so much as its overwrought interest. . . . The best romance becomes dangerous if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

I do not altogether agree with him; but I can find nothing ludicrous in this. Only in a generation where art has ceased to be popular, and the classes, in spite of a far greater apparent equality, are separated in thought and ideas as they have never been before, could it be thought ludicrous for a moral philosopher to point out that, in certain circumstances, fiction can be a dangerous drug. The Bywaters-Thompson case is still sufficiently recent to remind us how easy it is for the reader of romances to become avid for romance in life, and to stop at no device to secure it.

* * *

Some of the opinions seem to me not only not ludicrous but intelligent anticipations of posterity's opinion of the work they discuss. *Victoriana* has a long quotation from *The Nineteenth Century* (I wish the author's name was given), criticising Whistler's statement that "*Art may be concerned alone with the arrangement of colour and line.*" It is true that the critic, to judge from his extract, is not quite fair to Whistler, because he writes as though the sentence ran, "Art *is* concerned." Yet it was difficult to see what else he was to do. For in the form that Whistler gave his apothegm it is the merest platitude. No one would deny that vases, carpets, patterned walls may be objects of art, that in the designing of them the artist is concerned only with the arrangement of colour and line. Whistler did not mean that. He did deliberately, in his teaching as in his practice, attempt to depreciate both content and idea in a work of art; and in following him innumerable artists have either fobbed off the connoisseurs with third-rate stuff or wasted their talents in a dreary desert of sophisticated patterns. The same critic wrote:

> In the "Nocturnes" there is an effect of harmonious decoration so that a dozen or so of them on upper panels of a lofty chamber would afford even to the wallpapers of William Morris a welcome and justifiable alternative. . . . They suffer cruelly when placed against work of patient achievement.

If Mr. Sitwell and Miss Barton doubt that, I would ask them to juxtapose any Whistler with a painting not of a great imaginative artist, but, say, of Rubens; beside that vitality, that superb, unaffected generosity, Whistler fades away. So the general conclusion to be drawn from *Victoriana* is that our grandparents and great-grandparents were not such fools after all. And indeed every book about them, however derogatory in intention, admits as much. It admits their intrinsic worth, for we spend our time in calling them up for judgment. Who will trouble to serve the most casual summons on the young men who are chipping away at the tombs of their ancestors?

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

The Loving Spirit. By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. Heinemann, 7s. 6d.

Congo Gods. By OTTO LÜTKEN. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Each Stands Alone. By ARTHUR WELLINGS. Dent. 7s. 6d.

Father Malachy's Miracle. By BRUCE MARSHALL. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Long Bondage. By DONALD JOSEPH. Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

Susan Spray. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

It is unfair, in an article which endeavours to appraise several novels, to let one book set a standard to the disparagement of the rest—novels which another week would have fared better. One cannot judge the neat and unpretentious job by the same canons as the work written *sub specie, not aeternitatis*, but of perhaps five years: yet, if one does not somehow relate them, the latter, with its high ambition, comes in for more fault-finding than the former. In the batch above, there are two at least to which a critic must take off his coat; and one of them will receive more censure than is proportionally its due.

The novel thus singled out for injustice is Miss du Maurier's, and this is because she gives promise of real and permanent importance. Whether she will fulfil that promise depends entirely on herself, for the defects in her work are curable. *The Loving Spirit* was Janet Coombe's bequest to her descendants. Janet had two sides:

> . . . one that wanted to be the wife of a man . . . and one that asked only to be part of a ship, part of the seas and the sky above, with the glad free ways of a gull.

It was a spirit working deep in the blood, and it came to rest, ultimately, in the marriage of John and Jennifer, almost a hundred years after Janet's time. The idea is a big one, and Miss du Maurier has been equal to it. She has a fine sense of structure, and her imagination moves surely to the realisation of great issues. In detail, however, it fails her, sometimes pitifully. Her village folk are a bad give-away. They speak a bastard, poetic lingo, part Irish, part Cornish, and wholly arts-and-crafts. In it they utter (all too often) sentiments which might be considered appropriate by a Knightsbridge schoolgirl on a country holiday. (The remarks of Joseph, aged seven, after his mother had rescued him from the boat, are past belief). This is a fault, not of observation, but of imagination. It shows a total failure to come to grips with part of the subject, and a part which Miss du Maurier has wilfully chosen. Her sin is the grievous sin of imaginative patronage. Dialect need not be realistic: fisher-folk need not be realistic; but both must be in character. An artist who elects to work in a certain medium must observe the limitations of that medium. So much for Fault Number One. Fault Number Two is exemplified in the sentence quoted above—a too glib translation of emotion into adjectives. Miss du Maurier will, I hope, pardon me these asperities; but her work, noble in conception, generous in emotion, and most moving in its vision of human significance, provokes a high standard of judgment, till the reader cries out angrily against all removable disfigurement.

In sharp contrast is the professional assurance of Mr. Lütken, whose *Congo Gods* holds a perfect balance between the passions it so urbanely portrays. Lucien Dubois, disappointed of Mariette, goes out to the Belgian Congo. Masua, the son of a native chieftain, longs to learn the white man's secret, and enlists as a free volunteer in a native regiment, taking with him Yaja, his woman. Going upstream on the same boat as poor "little" Lucien, he falls overboard, and Yaja, prompted by Captain Hartley and his Fania, rouses Lucien from the melancholy into which he has fallen. How the story is worked out would be unfair to tell; but it is a notable example of exact pattern making which preserves the appearance of spontaneity. Within its limits, this is a brilliant piece of work—polished, ironic, and told with a perfect after-dinner suavity.

In *Each Stands Alone* Mr. Arthur Wellings sets forth, with much technical ado, an honest but ordinary story of frustrated love. It is love in a bank, and Mr. Wellings tells it by double entry. His "innovations" (*vide* jacket) consist of a telegraphese diction, a reminiscence of the final chapter of *Ulysses*, and a trick of writing, in parallel paragraphs, the simultaneous thoughts of two parties to a conversation. Mr. Wellings is a thoughtful writer, and he takes his job seriously. After this, it seems merely offensive to tell him that his story survives in spite of his way of telling it. Good work has gone into *Each Stands Alone*, but it is more of a moral steeplechase than an entertainment.

The most effective satires are those which are consistently directed against a single target. To find the target of *Father Malachy's Miracle* is not easy, because Mr. Bruce Marshall cannot resist turning aside to have a whack at every thistle by the roadside. On such irrelevances he wastes a deal of energy and wit, diffusing his central purpose, getting hot and bothered, a condition unfavourable to satire. An old monk, to vindicate the glory of God, exerts the faith that moves mountains, and moves an Edinburgh Palais de Danse to the summit of the Bass Rock. There is no self-seeking in Father Malachy, and little worldly sense; he does not at all foresee the consequences, spiritual, worldly, and economic, of thus intruding the mechanics of another dimension. Nobody is pleased—Rome least of all—until the disgruntled proprietor hits on the idea of cashing the Divine Intervention into twentieth-century values, and turning his transplanted "Garden of Eden" into a Casino. Then, and then only, does Father Malachy ask pardon, and the dance hall flies home again. In the first part of this interesting book, Mr. Marshall hits out hard at modern values. The end of the book, however, is not quite consistent with this purpose. Even if Father Malachy has hold on the eternal verities, by showing up the inconvenience, the other-dimensionness of the miracle, Mr. Marshall weakens his own case. He says, in effect, that Christianity is the cure for modern evils, that official Christianity is not the same as Christianity: but that modern conditions are too powerful for Christianity, and that, therefore, its direct application is a failure. Logic and honesty thus blunt his pen, and turn a witty and penetrating satire into a discussion of incompatible values. Not all the satire is witty or penetrating, and there is much beating of dead donkeys; but Mr. Marshall has beliefs of an unfashionable kind, which should make him welcome to intelligent readers.

The best books remain to the last. A précis of *Long Bondage* would give no hint of the book's distinction and originality, so I shall not attempt one. Mr. Joseph is a new writer of unusual quality. He has told, with an even, level sensitiveness of perception, the story of an unhappy marriage in Virginia fifty years

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ago. Lucy Lannerton expected of life all she was herself prepared to give. Nathan January burned with a less clear flame, and Lucy learnt to despise him. Mr. Joseph portrays subtly the deterioration of a beautiful character in an unbeautiful marriage, and traces the vicious circle of incompatibility, though his apparently constant support of Lucy against Nathan makes one wonder if he realises all the implications of his story. Whatever we think, there is no doubt that here is a fine book and a fine novelist. Mr. Joseph can see beyond his own nose; he can feel, and he can write. If his characters sometimes leave him behind, so much the better; for such outrunning partakes of the mysterious quality known as inspiration.

In the first few pages of *Susan Spray* it is plain enough that Miss Kaye-Smith has recovered all the power, the understanding and the direct simple vision that gave us *Sussex Gorse* and *Joanna Godden*. In her new novel Miss Kaye-Smith succeeds in a most difficult task; she writes always with passion and often imaginative insight about a woman of whom, I feel, she disapproves. Susan Spray, a child of the hungry 'forties, invents, when she is six, a vision of God, to save her from a beating for forsaking her field-work during a thunderstorm. Her parents belong to an odd little Calvinistic sect, founded by Hur Colgate; she becomes a prophetess of the sect. After her parents' death, for a time she puts aside her testifying, though she is in service at a farm that belongs to the Brethren, a farm where Hur himself died. Circumstance, chance, disclose her gift for preaching, and from that time on she preaches to her fellow-believers. There are lapses and intervals. After her first husband's death, she has a disastrous love affair with a gentleman; and her marriage to Clarabut almost wrecks her life. Her belief in her God, in her gift and her need for self-expression—as strong as any actresses's—are however paramount, and we leave her as she goes confidently to the reading-desk of a new farm-church in Sussex.

To the delineation and exposure of Susan's character Miss Kaye-Smith has brought all her penetration; students of religious eccentricities will be reminded of Joanna Southcott, of Jump-to-Glory Jane, of Mr. Housman's "Shepherdess," of Mrs. Eddy. The main problem in the portrayal of such a woman as Susan Spray is to be fair to that element in her character which has in it neither vanity nor self-seeking. Of these two Susan has plenty; but there is also the clean artistic desire to do well what she knows she can do well, to be herself for the sake of others, even though she get pleasure and pride out of it herself. Miss Kaye-Smith is, on the whole, very fair to Susan, though sometimes she is apt to forget that the faults from which she suffers, just as the hesitancy which she feels, might be there if Susan were not Susan but John Spray. Though Susan dominates the book, there is in it a wealth of other characters—her sister Tamar, her three husbands, Hur's old friends and disciples; all of them give richness and variety to a novel which, apart from all else, is a striking picture of rural England just after the repeal of the Corn Laws and the beginning of the making of the railways.

PROTEUS.

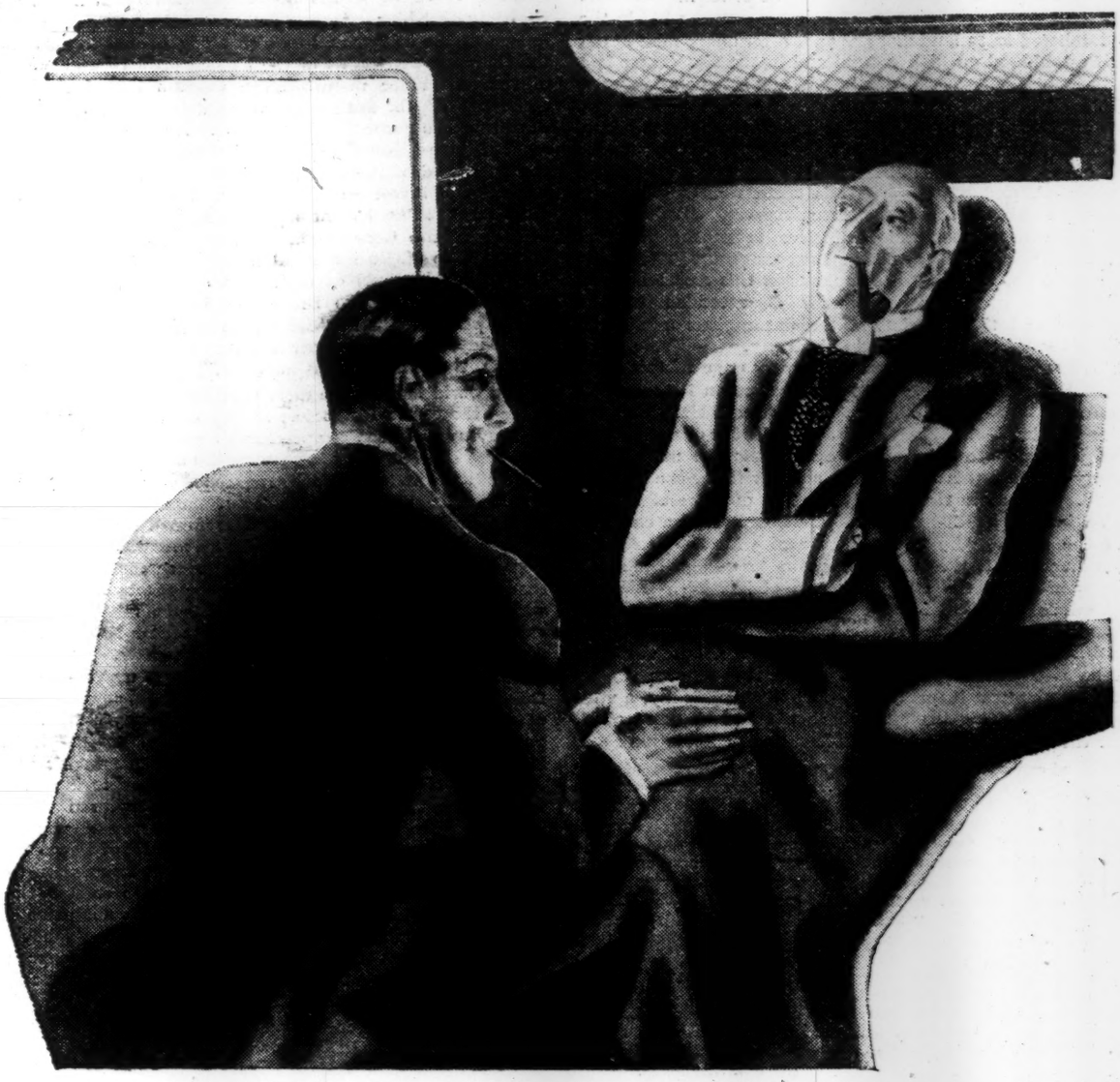
THE OPEN CONSPIRACY—ACT II.

The Science of Life. By H. G. WELLS, JULIAN HUXLEY and G. P. WELLS. Cassell. 21s.

This extraordinary book beggars description in the common measure of the reviewer. As far as I know there is only one other like it in English, and that is *The Outline of History*. Indeed, it must be said without disrespect to the two other names on the title page—whose partnership as working biologists in this enterprise must have been the reverse of sleeping—that this book, in vitality of impulse, in arrogant breadth of conception, and in a certain characteristic power, at once unpolished and brilliant, of execution, is pure Wells. It is well known that some years ago Mr. Wells decided that man is making a mess of things because he does not *know* enough—either about himself or about the world he dominates. This had occurred to others, but with Mr. Wells to recognise a cosmic disease was to make cosmic plans for its remedy. His open conspiracy is a peaceful conscription of man's so precious and so ill-used awareness. We muddle along, through incoherence and extravagant wastage of power, to disaster, and the first thing to do is to give us doses—as large and strong as we can be persuaded to stomach—of learning about ourselves. The first dose was a single integration of man's recorded history. The second dose must put us straight in relation to the whole of the animal and vegetable world and its growth. The average citizen who examines his knowledge of general biology and of the chemistry and physics of his own body will, if he is honest, hardly award himself a pass. We poke ignorantly at polyps and starfish, we are emptily amused at the antics of marine arthropoids, we sentimentalise over the exact republics of ants and bees. "Nature red in tooth and claw" summarises picturesquely our ignorance of the subtle theory of natural selection; Mendel is for us a man who reduced sexual reproduction to an arithmetical problem in the combination of queer counters called genes; we exchange the latest news of the latest vitamin; we believe that we "catch" a cold from an east wind. And we are bewildered by the orderless profusion of life alien to ourselves. In the formidable vista of biological time we don't know where we are or how we have arrived. *The Science of Life* conducts us step by step back to the stirring of life in the first cell, and expounds the view at every stage of the journey. It is the second dose of Doctor Wells.

The most striking feature of this work is the sustained vigour of its personal impact, which is such as to demand something of a personal testimony in response. Trained in another branch of science and having omitted to instruct myself soundly in biology, I am one of the millions this book is designed to reach. I have read it in odd moments of a workday month. It has dominated my various moods, filled me with a continuous, intellectual excitement and imposed a credible order on a chaos. Whatever the philosophical implications behind this book, I am persuaded that the world of life it presents is in the main real, and that the mechanism of life which it suggests is extremely plausible. It will not matter if I am later informed by more orthodox biologists than Professor Huxley that the interpretation of some of his facts is unsound. I shall not be dismayed if a "Companion" is presently evoked to wrestle acrimoniously with the heresy of evolution, for there is still room for argument. It is not even important that certain pages are marred by the inability of Mr. Wells to refrain from tweaking the noses of the theologians. There is, for instance, a demonstration of the biological absurdity of angels which only demonstrates that the authors' conception of an angel is absurd. In short, the book may contain errors of fact or deduction and certainly contains a few errors of taste; but it is impeccable in scientific method, clean and gallant in attack, and astonishingly powerful in exposition. There is fine instruction and stimulation here for the opening mind. Any child who was unlucky enough to be born in the War years will have his balance of fortune a little redressed when this book is (as it should be) placed in his hands. And if the text at present defeats him, the drawings of Mr. Brightwell are there for his delight.

A major difficulty in a work of this magnitude is to know where to start and what to leave out. The neatness of the authors' handling of this problem will be seen from a skeleton of their argument. It would have been logical enough to lead the bewildered reader straight back to amœba, but it would have been unwise. Instead, he is acclimatised to the unfamiliar atmosphere by an invitation to look at his own body as a machine constructed of differentiated cells and maintaining itself by the consumption of fuel. This introductory physiology of man, and its contrast with that of mouse, is an extremely adroit and vivid piece of writing, and is followed by a section in which nature's various experiments in vital structures are classified and compared, and the fundamental differences between animal and vegetable organisms are beautifully indicated. The next stage, with its introduction of the time-scale of the sedimentary rocks and its straightforward plunge into the evolutionary controversy is harder going, but unnecessary confusion is avoided by a rigorous separation of the proof of the fact of evolution from evidence as to its process. The three main lines of evidence—from fossil remains, from vestigial structures, and from embryology are clearly summarised, and there is a sample demonstration of the pedigree of the horse which is cleverly placed where it tells most. The climax of the argument for natural selection dominates the next section. There was trouble within the trinity of authors in the writing of this, and there is a certain amount of trouble for the reader. The principles of Mendelism are neatly sketched without algebra, the inheritance of acquired characteristics is rejected, but only on a balance of evidence, and the existence of mutations is recognised, with the proviso that it springs from the mechanism of inheritance itself. The case is powerfully argued, but it is impossible not to imagine an opposed grouping of the facts of comparable weight. However,



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with its main controversy disposed of, the book broadens powerfully out in a series of beautiful elaborations of its main theme. There is the splendid story of how life, after growing big in the waters, lumbered on to land margins and, after many false starts got itself established on high ground and in the air. There is a series of suggestive essays showing how in any given environment the whole of life, from bacteria through worms and plants, insects and birds, up to the higher mammals, is really one, with an energy account dependent for its balance on the peculiar function of each organism. Finally, the nervous system is treated in some detail, and on this analysis there rises a thorough investigation of the mechanism of consciousness, with its broad but vital distinction between instinctive behaviour, however elaborate, and intelligent behaviour, however crude. Those who expect a great proliferation of complexes in this discussion will be disappointed. Equal hospitality is extended to the behaviourists and the theorists of the unconscious mind, and all through the work sex is treated objectively.

It is difficult to say in a word why every page of this large book is so thoroughly alive. No doubt one reason is that while this world, if discreetly created, is a wonderful spectacle, it becomes still more amazing if creation is excluded. Whether or not natural selection is enough to account for everything, the mere effort to fit every fact into this at first sight unlikely frame is a glorious adventure. But, more than this, there is a pressure of restless energy behind the making of this book which acts as a constant spur to the reader, who becomes charged with that scientific imagination which is the basis of such books as Mr. Haldane's *Possible Worlds* and the early romances of Mr. Wells himself. To such minds, the event is not enough; what conditioned that event, and if the condition is altered, what then? It is because this book states, not merely how big insects are, but why they cannot be as big as elephants and what would happen if they were, that its interest is unflagging. But there is, finally, a vital quality in the writing itself which should not be overlooked. Consider the following description of the arterial circulation:

> The blood can be seen hurrying apparently at headlong speed along certain larger vessels—highways—which are minute arteries. The arteries branch and divide and their branches divide again, so that the blood passes into smaller and smaller canals. At each division the cross area of the two branches taken together somewhat exceeds that of the original trunk, so that the blood travels more and more slowly as it finds its way into narrower and narrower passages. The final, minutest blood vessels are the capillaries; their diameter is only very slightly greater than that of the red blood cells themselves and in these ultimate canals the cells no longer bustle, they crawl. It is through the invisibly thin walls of the capillaries that there takes place that interchange of substances between blood and flesh for which purpose the circulation exists. The whole appearance suggests women coming to a market—the swift stream pours into the busy market place, it breaks and divides into slower and slower subsidiary streams until, finally, the housewives are hovering and bargaining in the narrow spaces among the crowded stalls.

Delete the last sentence and there remains an accurate description of a microscopic condition. The final image is, strictly, superfluous. But how few readers will in a year's time remember anything of the passage except its brilliant metaphor, and how few will forget that! The prose of this book runs counter to the accepted canon of scientific expression, which is that you must not say one thing is like another because you lose accuracy. The Wellsian method is to sacrifice a sterilised precision for the frequent nourishment of bold and earthy metaphor. This impurity fertilises the reader's mind and fixes the impression. Perhaps this is deplorable. Perhaps it is better to be exact than communicative. Perhaps it is wrong of Mr. Wells to bustle cheerfully on his journalistic way and leave fine writing to professional writers. With this book safely in our hands we can thankfully leave it at that.

BARRINGTON GATES.

THE FATAL CHARWOMAN

The Truth about Dreyfus. FROM THE SCHWARTZKOPPEN PAPERS. Edited by BERNHARD SCHWERTFEYER. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

Dreyfus. By WALTER STEINTHAL. Translated by CAPT. R. JOHNES. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

It is not easy to imagine a charwoman shaking a State to its foundations, yet the thing happened in France in 1894. Mme. Bastian, who fulfilled that function at the German Embassy in Paris, drew at the same time a second salary from the Intelligence Department of the French General Staff. To them she brought a treasure trove of scraps of correspondence picked from the Embassy dust-bins. Among them were the fragments of a letter, known as the *bordereau*, in which a spy offered to hand over to the Germans particulars of the French artillery and movements of troops. Three months later, Captain Alfred Dreyfus was convicted of its authorship by court-martial, degraded, and despatched to perpetual deportation. His relatives insisted that a miscarriage of justice had been perpetrated, and Major Picquart, the new head of the Intelligence Department, began, not overwillingly, to investigate the matter. But in March 1896 a *petit bleu*, or express letter, from Schwartzkoppen, the military attaché at the German embassy, fell into his hands. It was addressed to Major Esterhazy of the French General Staff, and implied his betrayal of military secrets. This paper and the *bordereau* are the two basic documents of the Dreyfus case. If the *petit bleu* had actually been sent by Schwartzkoppen to Esterhazy, and if Esterhazy had sent the *bordereau* to Schwartzkoppen, then Dreyfus was innocent.

The world has for the most part been convinced that such is indeed the case. But before his rehabilitation came, the figure of Dreyfus had been overwhelmed by the other issues involved. The vast irrelevancies of anti-semitism and royalism invaded the debate and imperilled the Republic, and country and army became antagonised. Déroulède attempted an abortive revolution, and was banished. An anti-Dreyfusard caved in the top-hat of M. Loubet, the President, while he was watching the races at Longchamps, and government after government fell. Meanwhile, the Affair itself was becoming more complicated. Esterhazy was whitewashed at a court-martial, but soon retired to voluntary exile in England, whence from time to time he issued palpably deceptive accounts of his part in the matter. Colonel Henry, found to have forged a document to prop up the case against Dreyfus, cut his throat, and established the dangerous precedent of a "patriotic crime" among the anti-Dreyfusards. And a parallel series of proceedings was started against Zola, who impeached the military authority as a whole in his pamphlet *J'Accuse*. Even the unprejudiced investigator, trying to seek his way to the truth through such an intricacy, ran the risk of infection from the Dreyfus germ. So many documents and depositions can be made suspect from one point of view or another, so many are undoubtedly tainted, that the temptation to make one's own selection among them in order to erect a theory is well nigh irresistible. The Baconian virus is not more deadly, and its anti-toxin, the one testimony which could have made all clear, has been lacking until to-day. "Schwartzkoppen alone can reveal the whole truth," said Zola, and now at last Schwartzkoppen bears witness from the dead.

His memoirs, the most important part of *The Truth About Dreyfus*, state explicitly that Esterhazy was in his pay and furnished him with the documents referred to in the *bordereau*, that he did actually send Esterhazy the *petit bleu*, which the anti-Dreyfusards accused Picquart of forging, and that he had no communication whatever with Dreyfus. Incidentally, he destroys the theory that the "canaille de D." of a document which fell into French hands refers to Dreyfus; it was a spy named Dubois. The exoneration is complete and final, and no mental contortions of the most furious partisanship can challenge it now that Schwastzkoppen has been heard. Ironically enough, he never saw the *bordereau*. Mme. Bastian had lighted upon it and whisked it off to her other employers before it reached him, but his testimony that Esterhazy brought the information to which it referred is proof sufficient of its authorship. And that Schwartzkoppen's statement is trustworthy there is no reason to doubt. Placing the matter on its lowest consideration, he had no motive for distorting the truth, while everything points to his having written at the dictates of conscience to record Dreyfus's innocence, besides ridding himself of the intolerable burden of what he knew. In his dying words, we are told, he absolved Dreyfus once more. For he too was a victim of the Affair. He was preyed on by the silence imposed upon him by higher authority for which the Dreyfusards held him responsible. The second half of the book contains their appeals to him to speak and his justification for not doing so. He was not even allowed to reveal the truth to Count Munster, his old chief in Paris, who was ignorant of the espionage activities in his own Embassy until the volcano erupted. And the German chancellery can hardly be blamed for vetoing the disclosure. Had it been made under their auspices during the frenzy which reigned in France, the anti-Dreyfusards and half the country would merely have regarded it as false, and Germany would have been accused of

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taking sides in her neighbour's quarrel. It is, indeed, a tragic aspect of the Affair that in many cases, including even Henry's forgery, sins of commission or omission seem to have been the outcome of the best motives. Schwartzkoppen's omission, however, is now both repaired and explained, and those who are still intrigued by the Dreyfus case will breathe a sigh of relief after reading his testimony.

Herr Steinthal, on the other hand, rekindles the fires of partisanship. His summary of the Affair suffers from having been published before the appearance of the Schwartzkoppen papers, as well as from the Jesuit bogy. "It was," he says, "the last great movement of Jesuitry, the irreconcilable adversary of the all too radical Jewish spirit," and behind it he sees "the fanatical and uninspired figure of the monk as a teacher of youth and of the people." Zola he exalts as "the most sober writer of the century." His book is little better than a pamphlet out of date, which the translator could have made more readable by exercising the prerogative of changing the historical present into the past tense.

NATIVE AFRICA IN A NUTSHELL

Descriptive Sociology or Groups of Sociological Facts. Classified and arranged by HERBERT SPENCER. Division 1, No. 4, Part 2—A: AFRICAN RACES. Compiled and abstracted upon the Plan organised by HERBERT SPENCER. By E. TORDAY. A reissue of the Volume originally compiled by Dr. DAVID DUNCAN. Entirely rewritten. Williams and Norgate. 105s.

"Nutshell," since we are speaking of Africa, naturally refers to a cocoanut, and this enormous volume, almost a portable library, or rather a library fragment which, unfortunately, is scarcely portable, could hardly be encompassed even by the most gigantic metaphorical cocoanut. Seriously, it is high time that the Herbert Spencer Trustees should reform the conditions of the bequest. The size (1½ ft. by 1 ft.) and the weight (12 lbs.) make the book readable only on a special desk. Had it been printed as three or four handy volumes and arranged regionally, it would have been a book invaluable for any man going out to Africa. This would have made much bigger sales possible, hence lowered the price, which at its present figure of five guineas makes the book inaccessible to most people. Mr. Torday's *African Races* is indeed so important a compilation that every resident or traveller in Africa might almost be tempted to charter an elephant or a camel to transport it. The book is indispensable to the anthropologist, but also to those practical men (concerned with the government or the education of the natives) who are rapidly realising the value of anthropology in native affairs.

What has been called Practical Anthropology is rapidly coming to the fore. The Colonial Office until recently seemed to believe in the Imperial Value of Ignorance, but in the recent *Memorandum on Native Policy* (Cmd. 3573) it recognises the need of a "continuous study of all the institutions of the native communities," of an "acquaintance with, and . . . training in, anthropology" as a "necessary part of the intellectual equipment of officers." How these words are to be given effect to while anthropology is allowed twenty hours in the curriculum of Colonial Cadets, is another matter. Some reform in the training of prospective officials seems necessary. In the country at large there is also a growing interest in that seething volcano of coloured races which represents the human side of the British Colonial Empire. The recent turn of Indian affairs has proved that you cannot afford to ignore the point of view of a subject race, and that knowledge when acquired too late may demand too high a price. Would it not be better to have an African Round Table Conference before the mischief is done instead of after? For such a conference Torday's *African Races* ought to be used as the text-book. Independently, however, of any political issues, the public is interested in colonial affairs, which means first and foremost in African affairs. Vast schemes are being planned for African research and anthropological exploration both at Oxford and in London. Mr. Torday is, in fact, one of the most distinguished members of the International Institute for African Languages and Cultures, which has its main seat in London. This Institute, presided over by a great African statesman, Lord Lugard, directed by such eminent African scholars as M. Labouret and Professor Westermann, and inspired by one of the leading missionaries of the world, Mr. Oldham, has been the main agency for the organisation of practical anthropology in Africa.

This book will unquestionably be of great importance in furthering practical interest in the science of man. It allows those who are not acquainted with African cultures at first hand, or are unable to wade through the enormous literature on the subject, to have at home an encyclopædia of African lore.

A serious drawback, due to the inflexible conditions of the Herbert Spencer Bequest is the rigid division of the matter in a manner entirely out of date in the light of modern anthropology and adaptable only with great difficulty to the particular area here treated, that is, to Africa. What, however, seems the greatest burden on the writer is his complete confinement to the compilation of other people's statements. Mr. Torday, in adding his illuminating comments has definitely rebelled against the strict conditions of the Trust, and he has enhanced the value of the book greatly. Had he been allowed to give a full statement of his conclusions we would have had an even better book—the book, in fact, which is badly needed. The loss would be irreparable—but it is to be hoped that Mr. Torday can be persuaded to publish a companion volume to this wonderful encyclopædia of African lore.

It requires a trained anthropologist, a field-worker, a theoretician and a book-worm at the same time to appreciate the amount of work, powers of organisation and real scientific creativeness embodied in a compilation like this. Science, this compound of learning, common sense and intelligence, consists in selection, in the sifting of the relevant from the paltry, and here Mr. Torday's scientific sense can be felt by a student of African matters in every detail as well as in the construction of the whole. Overweighted by a mass of material which is really staggering, cramped by the rigid framework of the bequest, handicapped by the taboo on self-expression, Mr. Torday has yet succeeded in overcoming most of his difficulties.

The summary of his personal views given in the short Introduction is most illuminating. The preliminary tables which he has condensed into a convenient compass are useful, and the details of the selection are well done. The most valuable addition, which has allowed Mr. Torday to circumvent to a certain extent the rigidity of Herbert Spencer's classifications, are the sub-headings. These, combined with the synoptic table of contents and the frequent cross-references and the critical notes, allow the reader to find almost directly any subject of information both as regards matter and the geographic setting, while for the ethnographic survey of the continent, the map of Africa prepared by Miss Ursula Torday will be an invaluable guide to all scholars.

But while African students will have to use and depend upon Mr. Torday's work, many of them will quarrel with some of the statements in his introduction. Mr. Torday declares himself an adherent of the functional method in anthropology, a method not accepted yet by all the specialists. "To-day the investigator can no longer be satisfied with ascertaining what customs and beliefs exist among certain peoples; their social fabric has to be considered as a whole and research aims at discovering the function of each component element."

The functional method, though not hostile to the older evolutionary and historic explanations, maintains that the real meaning of an element of culture lies not in its antecedents but in the part which it plays as a living force within a living culture. Functional anthropology thus directly lends itself to practical applications. Functionalism, which has but recently laid down its aims and principles as a separate school and method, will therefore no doubt command the attention of the practical man in Africa and other Colonies. It may require some time, however, to convince the vested interests of anthropology that the functions of custom, idea or institution are neither obvious nor irrelevant, that they must be studied by special methods and that a new type of theory is necessary to guide functional observations in the field and functional research in the study. Mr. Torday quite rightly notes that the functional method is not new, that it was not so much preached as practised by Dapper in the second half of the seventeenth century. Mr. Torday might have mentioned another anthropologist who, in his work done towards the beginning of the present century, also applied the functional point of view before this had been explicitly formulated. I mean, of course, Mr. Torday himself, whose work among the Bushongo, the Batetela, the Bamsuto and other tribes of the Kasai and Kwango, is one of the most important contributions from the African field. As one who has assisted in the organisation of the new method and who is responsible for the label "functional" now invariably affixed to this school, the present reviewer feels it a pleasant duty to acknowledge Mr. Torday's contributions towards the functional method and his pioneering work in it.

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A number of concrete points on African anthropology will no doubt also arouse some opposition among specialists. Thus, some may disagree with Mr. Torday's classification of the Pygmies with the tall primitive forest tribes. Other specialists might resent the author's violent *antihamitism*, if I may be allowed to coin this word. Mr. Torday organises a regular pogrom of the unfortunate Hamites, from one end of the continent to the other, and eventually pushes them off the map into the "Mediterranean basin." Others again will disagree with his insistence on the racial as well as cultural and linguistic identity of the various Bantu tribes. The present reviewer, who is not a regional specialist in Africa, would every time be inclined to follow Mr. Torday in his conclusions, but whether these be final or not, they certainly will stimulate further research.

It remains to be said that while in the introduction we find the same wit and brilliancy which have delighted English and continental readers of Mr. Torday's *Causeries Congolaises*, the body of the present book reveals him as an austere though not pedantic scholar. His capacity for using some six or seven European languages in the abstraction of evidence, his excellent first-hand knowledge of several types of African vernacular, his keen insight into the inner workings of primitive culture and his wide academic outlook, raise the present work from the level of a mere compilation to that of a scientific masterpiece.

B. MALINOWSKI.

YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGE

Scrutinies: Volume II. By VARIOUS WRITERS. Collected by EDGELL RICKWORD. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

The contributors to the first volume of *Scrutinies* set out to give their elders a good trouncing, but, with certain exceptions, their utterances were rather peevish in tone. Nevertheless, the attacks were energetic, and gave the reader a general impression that the younger intelligentsia, in scrutinising the surviving Edwardians—Shaw, Kipling, Barrie, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy—could not find among them a single master worthy of their homage and affection. Some curiosity was naturally aroused as to what they would have to say about the writers of a later generation, so it is satisfactory to find the second *Scrutinies* dealing with such figures as Messrs. Joyce, Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, Aldous Huxley, Mrs. Woolf and the Sitwells. The editor wisely disclaims any intention to impose a judgment or to dogmatise, and extols the pleasure and profit to be derived from a "free discussion of literary values." It is inevitable, however, that the reader should notice what the contributors have in common with each other, and should accordingly draw some general conclusions about their attitude.

It is significant that two essays, occupying nearly a quarter of the entire space, are devoted to Mr. T. S. Eliot. The first, the longest in the book, is concerned with the lyrical impulse in Mr. Eliot's poetry. If only Mr. Eliot would sing, says the writer in effect, how pleased everybody would be! And this "if only" is one of the keynotes of the whole chorus. "If only," says one of them, speaking of the writings of Mrs. Woolf, "if only these dissolved units of understanding had been co-ordinated into a system." Another tells us more generally that we need "a dynamic mind able to synthesise these tortuous despairs—now inescapably an element of the European mind—with the lust for earth that must be the basis of any attempt to create an image of it." Mr. Aldous Huxley, declares Miss Mary Butts, is a perfect writer within his limits, but if only his limits were different! If only he would "draw for us such figures out of our chaos as might begin to harmonise it." Then again, Mr. Rickword looks to Mr. Wyndham Lewis for "some positive and concrete statement as to what might constitute a balanced contemporary human being, instead of being fobbed off with references to 'the chaste wisdom of the Chinese or the Greek.'" Long before one has finished the book one conceives an image of all these scrutineers, armed with bouquets, banners, an illuminated address of welcome, and the freedom of the New Jerusalem in a casket, standing in a group on a railway platform; train after train draws in, one celebrity after another descends, but on each occasion a loud sigh goes up from those waiting, as each new arrival turns out to be only human after all.

Attention is drawn to the way in which both Joyce and Lawrence have failed to occupy the place to which their gifts and achievements seemed to point them. Mr. Jack Lindsay, writing of Joyce, finds that he has "surrendered finally his responsibility as creator," and that we are "in at the death of a very fine faculty, riotously and wilfully run to seed." The essay on the later period of D. H. Lawrence, by Mr. Peter Quennell, one of the neatest in the book, reaches conclusions as true and as depressing as Mr. Lindsay's. The vulgarity, hysteria, false sentiment, slurred reasoning, dogmatism (to-day, it seems, the unforgivable sin), exuberant sexual and racial sentimentalism of Lawrence cannot be denied, and, as another contributor puts it, "the softest and most easily poisoned core of the social being had been festering for nearly forty years till it had become a refined pain sublimated to a dynamic frenzy that fecundated his mind and gathered every energy of every fibre to a concentrated shriek of anger." After this, it is a trifle disconcerting to find much ado about Mr. Lytton Strachey. The most serious efforts are made to "counteract what has seemed to be an almost unchallenged acceptance of Mr. Strachey as a biographical historian." But surely there is some lack of humour in too solemn a scrutiny of one who may be to no small extent regarded as a successful and popular entertainer, "the aunt," as the writer of the essay in question puts it, "of the Victorian revival." Ought we not to enjoy having our legs pulled by Mr. Strachey, and to know as well as he does how to keep the tongue in the cheek during the process?

The last two pieces in the book seem a little out of place. One of them, which is about painting, is quite sterile; and although Mr. Constant Lambert writes really admirably in the other about contemporary music, which promises, he believes, sincere and solid achievement instead of "fashionable revolution and charlatanry," it would be better, perhaps, for future *Scrutinies* either to be turned solely upon letters or else upon a wider range of subjects altogether. If later volumes are as alert and vigorous as this one, however, they are likely to play a part in the formation of taste.

THE NEW PEPYS

Samuel Pepys, Listener. By R. M. FREEMAN. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Freeman has taken the risk of publishing in a volume the familiar talks which had already appeared piecemeal in the *Radio Times*, and Mr. Drinkwater, in his introduction, has still further tempted fortune by informing us that the book is perfect. It would have been better had Mr. Drinkwater been a little less eulogistic, for such superlatives provoke the reader to look out for flaws.

This being premised, it may be said at once that we have found the book much nearer perfection in its kind than our natural reaction to Mr. Drinkwater's panegyric had led us to expect; it is much more pleasant as a whole than the usual fate of such reissues had led us to fear. Mr. Freeman's comedy wears well, and stands even the test of solitary and steady reading. Parodies (we must use the word, though Mr. Drinkwater deprecates it) generally tire us after forty or fifty pages; but this one does not seem too long.

It may be surprising, but the comparison which this volume forced on our mind was not with the *Book of Artemas* (which for a brief space caught the war-wearied ear of the public) or with any other of the innumerable verbal travesties which have had their day and ceased to be, nor even with fantasies like Disraeli's *Ixion in Heaven* or Erskine's *Helen of Troy*. There is a faint suggestion of the *Battle of the Books*; but Swift had a distinct aim *beyond* his burlesque. We have far oftener thought of *Esmond*. Though Mr. Freeman's purpose is, of course, less lofty than that of Thackeray, yet he shows Thackeray's conscientiousness. He uses the same means, and gives himself the same thorough preparation. Mr. Drinkwater is right when he says the book is not a mere stylistic mimicry. It is the result of a thorough acquaintance with Samuel Pepys's manner, and of a close and affectionate study of his character.

But, as Samuel was himself his own hero, and Mr. Freeman is after all not Samuel, there is an inevitable and marked difference between the old diarist and the modern "Listener." Mr. Freeman views his victim *ab extra*, whereas Samuel was unselfconscious. The book betrays itself as biographical rather than autobiographical by constant little touches and by malicious juxtapositions. The inconsistencies of Samuel's behaviour are emphasised by being portrayed in mirror-fashion; ridicule is aroused by *proximity*. Thus he

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never remarks on the failings of women without, in the next page, revealing a like and worse failing of his own; and he never criticises his wife but, in a moment, he allows the reader to criticise *him*. It is in this point that the book, being necessarily a trifle crude, fails to charm us like its original. But it has a very pleasant *reflected* charm.

The comparison with *Esmond* does not imply that we expect it to live long. It is content to be ephemeral; its allusions are of the day and often of the hour. But if, like the butterfly, it is doomed to early death, it may yet add charm to an afternoon and give a good deal of pleasure in its rapid passage.

ALL ALIVE!

The Nature of Living Matter. By LANCELOT HOGBEN. Kegan Paul. 15s.

The translation of Professor Hogben from Cape Town to London has been signalised by the publication of a collection of his essays. As might be expected, they all possess (in Jamesian phrase) a "tough-minded" quality, and hence are bracing and beneficial to biological workers tired of defending their existence against purely destructive philosophical criticism. Professor Hogben hits the nail on the head accurately enough when he says: "If we have outgrown the differences of statement which underlie the controversy between the older vitalistic and mechanistic standpoints, we have not outgrown the differences of temperament which underlie the existence of the two theories." But it is so true to say that the vitalist secretly *hopes* that the scientific method will fail, that there is little chance of Professor Hogben's book appealing to any but exact biologists and benevolently disposed laymen who hope that the scientific method will *not* fail. As another writer has said in this connection: "Vitalism is like the Hydra of the myth: when one head is cut off, a perfectly fresh one appears. All through the history of biology we can observe vitalistic ideas metamorphosing from one statement to another, perpetually impeding biological progress, but showing a gradual retirement to less and less obstructive positions."

It should from this be reasonably obvious that Professor Hogben's book is mainly devoted to advocating the progressive mathematisation of biology and the extended application of physico-chemical concepts within it. He shows that General Smuts's Holism, while not devoid of poetic-metaphysical attractions, is quite useless in the scientific study of living things, for in taking organisation as a postulate we simply compose ourselves for sleep in the arms of an explanation that is no explanation at all. He contests the arguments advanced by Dr. J. S. Haldane and others, who have supposed that although physico-chemical analysis is perfectly competent to deal with the "physical" phenomena of life, it must come to a standstill in front of the "mental" phenomena. He shows that the work of Professor Pavlov in Leningrad, together with that of Professor J. B. Watson in America, has opened up new paths in the "mechanisation of consciousness," enabling us to dispense with introspective psychology and to describe animal and human behaviour in a scientifically satisfactory manner by observing behaviour alone.

It is, however, in connection with the mind-body problem, as it used to be called, that Professor Hogben betrays a fundamental insecurity in his position, a crack in the logical concrete underlying his experimental structure. As early as p. 9 we read: "By explaining the sæcular origin of philosophers, Darwin bequeathed to us the task of elucidating the anatomy of philosophy." And on p. 11: "A philosopher is a particular kind of organism, and philosophy may be regarded as an aspect of the behaviour of a piece of living matter." And on p. 80 the revolutionary affirmation: "A Regius Professor of Moral Philosophy, whether he accepts the fact with resignation or refuses to do so, is a piece of living matter." The conception underlying these quotations, namely, the explanation of metaphysics *by* science, seems such an out-of-date inversion of the usual horse-and-cart relation that it seems difficult to believe the author can be serious. If the philosopher is a piece of living matter, so also is the scientist. If the scientist has no views about what constitutes truth he cannot function; if he has, then he is a philosopher even if he does not know it. To make biology a philosophy, as Professor Hogben seems to do, is to saw off a branch on which he is sitting, for on a materialistic basis there can be no reason for thinking anything truer than anything else.

Non-biologists, finally, will be well advised to read Professor Hogben's book for what they will find there concerning his distinction between the "public" and the "private" worlds. The public world is the world of mathematics and science, a world in which ideas can be conveyed from one human being to another with hardly any loss; the private world is composed of as many private worlds as there are human beings, each impenetrable, impermeable, incapable of intercourse. Of the remains of human experience, religion, art and philosophy are all locked up in these hermetical cells by Professor Hogben, who wishes to replace the concept of reality with that of communicability. "It is evidently immaterial to *public* discourse whether we *privately* entertain the view that *the* public world is more or less *real* than *our* private worlds." Plato banished poets from his Republic because they said demoralising things; Professor Hogben banishes them from his because, he finds, they can't say anything that has meaning, they just gibber. But the other characteristics of Professor Hogben's *public* commonwealth may be left for his (doubtless very many) readers to find out for themselves.

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He believes that this writer of charming biographies is more read than properly understood and that we should see in these books an allegory of the author's own life; he founds his explanation in Maurois' search for Meipe, in his desire to escape from himself. This magic country is the treasure ground to which Mr. Glass Larg has recourse for every missing straw or feather. As set out by him it is a perfectly plausible explanation; indeed, it is a fascinating theory but therefore dangerous. He shows Maurois' greater success as a biographer than as a novelist to be due to the fact that in *Bernard Quesnay*, or in *Climats*, Maurois himself is the hero, discussed, picked to pieces and judged by Maurois' intellect, whereas in *Ariel* Shelley is the hero behind whose back Maurois hovers, directing each gesture and finding inexpressible delight in them. Mr. Glass Larg compares Maurois to a pilot in the cockpit of an aeroplane, revelling in the long flight, in the endurance and the power of the machine, and, finally, as the plane swoops down to earth, climbing out and telling us his tale.

Where could one be more sure of finding Meipe than in a country whose features are the facts of a life that is greater than one's own and at the same time the glorified expression of all one's own desires? Facts? "Maurois smiles wryly, knowing that a fact is an Anglo-Saxon illusion, non-existent and permanent like the creed of the Church of England." Perhaps it is for that very reason, because Maurois recognises and respects our illusions, that we English are so fond of him. Mr. Glass Larg at any rate seems to think that therein lies some of his attraction: "He draws the lines and then rubs them out. No need to see them if you would rather not, he says. And no need to believe in them either unless you feel that it helps you to get through life and make something of it."

SHORTER NOTICES

Demons of the Dust. By WILLIAM MORTON WHEELER. Kegan Paul. 21s.

Professor Wheeler is a formidable writer for the average reader. He must be read for information or not at all. But in this book he says that he definitely set out to attract the general public, and in spite of the raised eyebrows of his fellow-entomologists he has put a film title on the cover of his book, and the publisher assures us that "its style is reminiscent of J. H. Fabre." Unfortunately, its style is nothing of the kind, and indeed one must examine the book carefully to discover that Professor Wheeler has yielded anything to the public he hopes to catch. Finally one discovers that he has quoted a good deal more than usual (chiefly from eighteenth-century entomologists), though even in the matter of quotations he could have done much better. For example, Fabre, in *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, gives a fine description of the ant-lion and its method of catching its prey—the very subject of Professor Wheeler's book—but not one line of it is quoted here. However, one is grateful for the extracts from Réaumur and other early naturalists, whose descriptive powers were far superior to those of most modern expert entomologists. *Demons of the Dust*, like all Professor Wheeler's books, is amazingly thorough; it deals in 350 pages with the behaviour of two larvæ, known as the ant-lion and the worm-lion, which live in desert sand or dust. The two are unconnected, except in name, the ant-lion becoming afterwards a two-winged fly, the worm-lion a "lace-winged Neuropter." Both trap their prey in the same way, digging conical-shaped pits in the sand and waiting at the bottom until the ant or the worm tumbles down the steep slope, which it cannot then remount. Professor Wheeler apologises for ascribing to these larvæ "dæmonic" qualities; but a little more of the demon in Professor Wheeler's own writing would bring him nearer to his readers.

The World's History: A Summary. By LADY TYRRELL. Vol. 2. Nash and Grayson. 6s.

It is not surprising that the daughter of David Urquhart should write history, and her scheme in this ambitious work is of peculiar interest. For in 1869 her father wrote to Pio Nono, then about to summon the Vatican Council, a letter afterwards published under the title of "*Appel d'un Protestant au Pape*," which contained the germinal idea of an international society for the better governing of Europe, and for the furtherance of the general peace and welfare; this society was to arbitrate all questions affecting the nations as a whole. He may thus be called the nineteenth-century originator of the idea of the League of Nations. Lady Tyrrell traces through the ages the gradual "making for righteousness" which is a continuous process, most conspicuous now in one race, now in another; sometimes in individuals, or families, or in political parties, at other, in whole sections of the community; this process culminates for her in the foundation of the League of Nations in 1920. She has intended this book to be a text book for children, and a book of reference for all; it is something of a dictionary, and something of an historic and literary encyclopædia, embracing an almost illimitable range of subjects. On one side of each page is the history proper, on the other (entitled: "Great men, great works, facts of interest") is "Kunstgeschichte"; here are the biographies of heroes, the stories of literatures and of religions; here are accounts of the arts, of cultural movements, of the developments of languages; here contemporary philosophies are treated. There are also many anecdotes or incidents which serve to illustrate and to enliven the soberer and more exclusively historical left-hand pages. This work is to be completed in seven volumes, of which the first, dealing with the period between the Azoic age and the death of Alexander, appeared in 1928; this, the second volume, covers the history of the world from the death of Alexander to that of Constantine. Lady Tyrrell writes most comprehensively, yet with an admirable grasp of detail; she imparts an immense amount of knowledge, and certainly fulfils her purpose. The book is of comfortable size and price, and the print is good; but the cover design—a golf ball rampant on a field, azure—is decidedly unprepossessing.

Constantine the Great. By G. P. BAKER. Nash and Grayson. 18s.

As a historical figure Constantine is liable to slip into the background, owing to the very much greater importance and more far-reaching effects of the Christian cause which he embraced. Yet it should not be forgotten that, considered simply in the line of the pagan emperors, Constantine stands out as one of the very greatest soldier-statesmen of Rome. Certainly he owed much in his outlook upon life and much in his political practice to the influence of Christianity, long before he became a Christian, but even without the part which he played in the Christian revolution, it seems reasonable to suppose that Constantine must still have been one of the greatest figures in Roman history. Mr. Baker seems ever aware of this as he follows the career of the man who rode away from Nicomedia at nightfall, only to return later with the triumphant army of the West and the "age-long harvest of Rome itself, to build a new Rome on the Bosphorus," and who set the Empire travelling on "a new orbit of triumph and success." He has also been careful to let Constantine's story illustrate the evolution of modern Europe, and the supplanting of Roman Imperial conceptions by wider ones. His essays at interpreting Constantine's character and mind are less satisfactory. One admires the boldness with which he is prepared to deduce the child from the father and the facility with which he performs similar prodigies of psychology, but one cannot always agree with the result.

The Moon Mistress: Diane de Poitiers. By JEHANNE D'ORLIAC. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

The title of the book indicates its method, which is lyrical and exclamatory, and at times tediously vague. Madame D'Orliac may be right in her belief that not till her husband's death was Diane

THE URIC ACID QUESTION

STRANGE FORMS OF RHEUMATISM

The present widespread interest in the subject of uric acid is well justified by Ministry of Health statistics, which show that few men and women are free from the ill-effects of this rheumatic poison in some form or other.

How many readers are there who experience frequent and painful headaches, whose digestion is all wrong, whose liver and kidneys are constantly giving trouble, whose sleep is restless and unrefreshing, who worry unnecessarily over trifles, have frequent miserable fits of depression, always feel jaded and old, but who never think of associating uric acid with these ailments? Yet in nine cases out of ten it would be found that these symptoms are the results of uric acid poisoning the blood; in other words, rheumatism is smouldering in their systems, sooner or later to flare up into some painful and crippling form of the malady.

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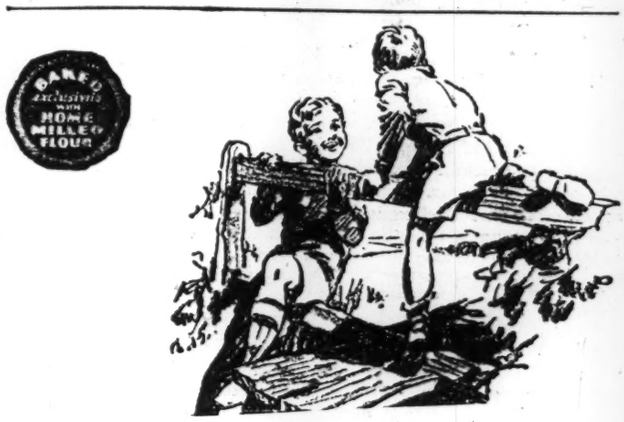

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9	200	9 10 0	11 7 6	12 2 6
12	200	10 17 6	12 0 0	12 12 6
15	300	13 12 6	14 15 0	15 12 6
20	450	15 10 0	16 7 6	17 10 0

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Henry's mistress, and that never had she another lover; her whole-hearted defence of the much-calumniated lady is in this respect at least as plausible and far more agreeable than the stuffy innuendos of Huguenot historians. But when she also believes that because Diane loved beautiful things she was a benefactress of France, she is not on such sure ground. Royal mistresses are apt to be, and always to seem, more expensive than consorts, and Diane's artistic taste, whether expressed in bibelots or in architecture, was a costly business for the French taxpayer. On the other hand, Henry II. did not waste his country's substance on absurd wars, and it may be that on the whole Diane's influence upon him was not economically as unsound as it seemed. She was lovely, cultured, greedy, and very intelligent, a great lady of the Renaissance, and as she has been in the pillory so long, even so flowery a tribute as this is not altogether unwelcome. The book is very well illustrated.

Tortured China. By HALLETT ABEND. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

The dedication of this book to "The Peoples of China, inarticulate victims of the world's neglect," foreshadows the sensational conclusions at which the author arrives after a survey of what he has seen and read and been told of the Chinese Revolution. Mr. Abend during his four years' residence in China was employed as the correspondent of the *New York Times*, and his work embodies many of the reports he sent to this and other American journals. Reports from China during recent years have been as contradictory as they have been circumstantial, so that nothing but a report from a trustworthy eyewitness should be accepted as fact. Mr. Abend, of course, does not pretend to have personal knowledge of all the horrors he describes, though it is rather the alleged extent than the actual nature of the mischief he describes that is suspect. Mr. Abend, moreover, is a propagandist as well as a reporter; he believes that only by outside interference, friendly if possible, but violent if necessary, can China be saved from herself, for the ultimate happiness of her people, and the safety of European and American investments.

About Motoring

SELF-CHANGING GEARS

THE transmission of standard motor-cars has undergone no fundamental change since Panhard introduced his sliding gears over thirty years ago. "What a barbarous idea!" was the comment of a French engineer at the time. An English manufacturer tried to handle it, and compared the sensation to pushing a length of railway line against the teeth of a highspeed power-saw. It has lasted all these years because no better substitute was forthcoming. To-day a few options are offered, and many users regret the probable demise of the sliding gear. With a Campbell or a Segrave or a Don at the lever, the old-fashioned gear appears to be perfect; it functions without loss of time, or gnashing of teeth. It is a very different story when the average inefficient amateur handles a standard gearbox under trying conditions. A London owner drives west for a holiday, and on approaching the Devon hills finds it necessary to change down to low gears which he never uses in town; moreover, the change should be made at fairly high speed. His features become convulsed with preliminary anxiety and subsequent shame; his passengers are jarred; a dreadful noise afflicts everybody within earshot; and his transmission suffers the equivalent of thousands of miles of honest wear. His holiday tends to develop a gearbox complex; if he is an intelligent man, he may master the art of gearchanging before he returns to town; but there is a species of intelligence which never triumphs in linking muscular action with mental notion; and I know several really clever men who will always be butchers of gearboxes. In sober fact, the art of gearchanging is not too easy; on my own car, for example, the art even varies with the temperature of the gearbox.

* * *

It follows that a very great number of motorists ardently desire to be rid of these gearchanging problems for ever. They yearn for the adoption of selfchanging gears on all cars. The Daimler and Armstrong-Siddeley engineers aver that this transformation is only a matter of time; and they display the honesty of their convictions by paying royalties to an independent designer. Major Walter Wilson designed these self-changing gears, which he prefers to describe as "preselective." They are now some three years old in a commercial sense, and are rapidly being introduced into all forms of engineering practice. They now figure on all Armstrong and most Daimler cars, and in addition on tanks, Army reconnaissance cars, petrol railway engines, cranes, motor-boats, trawler winches, motor-coaches, and many other power installations. The motive with which such a gear is fitted may vary considerably. But a commercial concern must always place a high premium on two factors in machinery; first, the machinery must be cheap to maintain; and secondly, it should be suitable for operation by low-grade labour, and such low-grade labour should require the minimum of training. These considerations apply equally to a fighting tank and to a London motor-'bus. The preselective gear is so easy to handle that a child can change gear with it as perfectly as Sir Malcolm Campbell, always assuming that the child's leg muscles are strong enough to work the clutch pedal. Therefore, the gear is suited for ordinary labour, and no prolonged training is demanded. It is also extremely cheap to maintain, as the brake bands run in oil, and are equipped with ingenious self-adjusters. It is claimed that a Wilson gearbox should run 100,000 miles without attention on a touring car in the hands of a private owner. The records of the service stations appear to justify this claim; at any rate the automatic action is not provided by a series of delicate adjustments which require resetting by a skilled man at brief intervals.

* * *

On the road a Wilson gearbox is a positive delight to handle. The hub of the steering wheel carries a small dial, marked with the various gear positions, and a tiny finger lever. This lever can be moved at any moment under all conditions to any position, without any friction or resistance; and when it is moved, nothing perceptible occurs. For instance, if the car is travelling forward at sixty on fourth gear, and the driver flicks the lever into first gear, the car continues to travel forward at sixty. All he has done is to "preselect" first gear. But the next time the driver depresses his clutch pedal, first gear will be engaged without sound of any kind; the car will gradually slow down, and the engine will possibly speed up, until the car is travelling on first gear at whatever speed the throttle opening permits. Naturally, this extreme instance of a change from sixty on fourth to a crawl on first is rather senseless. It might conceivably be employed by a good driver to accelerate an emergency stop, or to regain control down a hill after a serious brake failure. But the plain fact that this ruthless and extreme change can be effected without noise or shock by an unskilled driver indicates the possibilities of this Wilson gear.

* * *

Normally, of course, the box is used in a much gentler and more rational manner. The car is entering the foothills of the Alps or Grampians, and the owner is enjoying the view. He realises that before long he will have to change down, so he slips his preselector lever along the dial to the notch indicating the next lower gear. Anon a change in the purr of the engine or an obvious stiffening in gradient warn him that a change is due; he taps his clutch pedal, and the change is made as perfectly as Segrave could have made it. Or the car is descending a gentle gradient. He flicks the lever to neutral, taps the clutch out, and coasts. As the coast begins, he flicks the lever back to whatever gear may be required in the dip; possibly top for a rush at the opposite climb, possibly second, to help the brakes if any emergency develops during the coast. When next he taps the clutch, that preselected gear will engage in absolute silence.

This convenience of operation on the road is flanked by a high degree of dependability in garage. A foolproof gearchange could, in theory, be too dearly bought. It might be furnished by a mechanism which would require skilled maintenance. Possibly the Armstrong-Siddeley people had this in mind in 1928 when they fitted the Wilson box only to their large cars, which are normally maintained by chauffeurs, though personally I believe they knew even then that the device was foolproof, and that cost was the restraining factor. In 1929 they added it to their medium-powered cars which are often owner-maintained; and in 1930 they put it on their small cars, which are invariably owner-maintained. This reliability is furnished by two special features, irrespective of the use of good materials. First, the only items subject to real wear are the brake bands; and as these run in oil, their life may be stated in terms of many thousand miles. Second, the mechanical devices are so ingeniously balanced that microscopic wear receives automatic compensation.

I look forward confidently to seeing this gear extend the important inroads which it has already made into many phases of the transmission problem.

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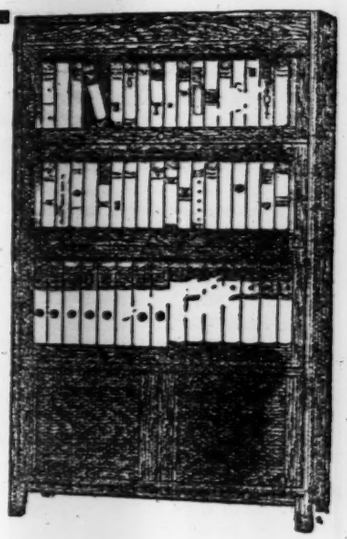

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PLAYTIME

BETTY'S GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER

WE gave a small dance at the Club on Wednesday, to celebrate our first cheque. At least, it was really a postal order, but we crossed it to make it look chequier. Miranda was there, of course, and Pasque, my fiancée; her sister Betty, and Stephano's kid sister, Peronne. Betty and Peronne are at school together, and they think that by coming to the Club they confer a favour on us.

By way of further celebration, we composed a dance for ourselves. It begins as a foxtrot, but gets rabbity later on. We call it the Nozzobrow Blues (or the Nozzoblue Brows; I forget exactly which). Alonso wrote the words; and Miranda what (she said) was the music. The chorus goes something like this:

So we're going—yes we're going—and with joy our hearts are [glowing,
To the old unchanging scene:
There's li'l old Elsie down in Chelsea,
And there's Gertie in Golders Green.
In Hampstead Garden Suburb, away from all the hubbub,
There's Horace and Herb and Hen;
And in spite of trade depression it's rare and it's refreshin'
To be—back—home—again.

These words combine, in appropriate proportions, pep, punk, and useful information.

But it wasn't our dance I wanted to tell you about, but Betty's examination paper. They are whales on General Knowledge at the seminary she patronises. Peronne had taken the prize (she would, the little swot), but we liked Betty's paper better, and, at Miranda's suggestion, are printing it for you here. If the Editor pays us for it, we shall buy Betty a new cricket bat.

Here are the questions and Betty's answers:

"*Q.* 1. *What are the three Estates of the Realm?*

— The three Estates of the Realm are Births, Marriages and Deaths. Birth and Death are compulsory, but Marriage, also known as the Estate of Matramony, is a matter of individual taste.

"*Q.* 2. *What do you know of the following: John Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, Hoover, Einstein, Stalin, Mussolini?*

— John Galsworthy is a character in a play called the Forsight Saga or Escape. He has many exciting adventures which are beautifully recounted by the author but dies at last having attained his Quest.

Bernard Shaw is the well-known politician. He has invented many important doctrines such as One Man, One Vote; Down with the Rich; and Woman's Place is the Home.

Hoover is the famous carpet-sweeper.

Einstein did some sculps which are Much Admired, because they are so odd you can see there is Something about them. One is Nurse Cavel and the other is Hague, but they stopped this because the horse was So Odd.

Stalin is a musition of note. He is one of those who
'hath charms to soothe the savage breast.'

Mussolini is an Italian, also known as the Deuce. He wears a black shirt (a very sound and economical Idea) and is strong and silent except when making speeches. He has been assassanated several times but has always recovered, so now a Law has been passed forbidding anyone to try.

"*Q.* 3. *Write sentences which introduce, and make clear the meaning of, the following words: hypothesis; aneroid; libel; palimpsest; toxin; symphony; fiasco.*

— The sum of the squares on the other side is equal to the square on the *hypothesis.*

'Her *aneroids* must be removed,' said the Docter with a short dry cough.

Poisoned! There was no *libel* on the bottle.

My wedding present to Randle was a *palimpsest.* The bride wore tulle shot with silver and a reath of orange-blossoms.

The *toxin* sounded, and, leaping lightly to his horse, Sir Guy cantered away.

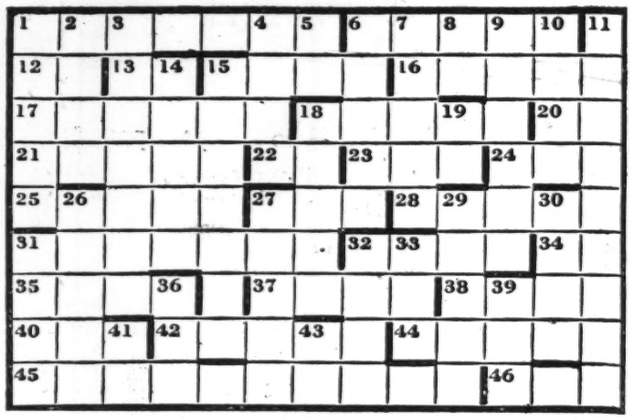
'With deepest *symphony.*' We shall not look upon his Like again.

'I am engaged,' said Carminetta with dignity and blushingly presented her *fiasco.*"

CALIBAN'S CONTRACT CAPTIONS—No. 8

Your opening One-bid, as you know,
A certain minimum strength must show;
If strength in excess of that be found,
You show the rest on the second round.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



THE THIRTEEN NATIONS

The Thirteen Nations have disappeared.

ACROSS

1. you moke! you donkey! now I meet my end;
6. your end? be this word used.
12. thus (13) worthy sailor (15) our amphibious friend is thoroughly confused.
16. make merry then (17) a muddled sailor, too!
18. moves (20) nor without an O.
21. resentment (22) and volition (23) flowing through —
24. me for the child, you know.
25. Victorian singer (27) all the pains of Hell
28. and my poor thoughts are here.
31. dismay? (32) there's two (34) bring up the guns as well;
35. Horatian strains appear.
37 *rev.* 'tis Sandy's girl. (38) hero of many an act,
40. complete with yo-heave-ho.
42. first this, then that (44) anger let loose, in fact —
45. with cheery smile aglow.
46. one step across the Channel. *That's the lot.*

Quite easy when you've got them—is it not?

DOWN

1. appointment—or a making o'er perhaps
2. and so on—plain to see.
3. mine is a stannic home. (4 *rev.*) those furry chaps,
5 *rev.* as good as good can be.
6. addition's called for? no, the magic pole.
7. a weeding out appears.
8. distinguished artist (9) our assembly roll
10. o'erlook, no Engineers!
11. I mean the part of Cho-Cho-San to play—
14. what rapture now for me.
15. the foxglove—is not here (18) just flies away;
19. in short, artillery.
26. with pride all tangled (27) here's where all alight.
29. he's blind and upside-down.
30. a rum affair—a lily "painted" white;
31. giving King George his crown.
32. divide (33) but look—there's Alfred's colour gone.
36. it's not yet said. (39) some height!
41. same as the last (43) inside this nest. *Keep on and soon 'twill all come right!*

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD: SETEBOSH.

DOES NOT THIS APPEAL OF THE CHILDREN TOUCH YOUR HEART?

1,100 young children, some fatherless, some motherless, some total orphans, but all taken from dire poverty, are now under the care of

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By day the gulls are fed by many kindly hands. At night, the Church Army extends friendly hands towards the needy men and women—who huddle together on the Embankment and adjoining streets.

It costs £5 to feed 100 men for a night.

Will YOU help?

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THIS WEEK'S ANNIVERSARY

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES OF THE PAST:

On March 6th, 1917, the Life-boat at Eyemouth, Berwickshire, rescued seven men from the Norwegian schooner "Livlig" in a whole gale with a very heavy sea. The Coxswain was awarded the Bronze medal for his gallantry.

THIS WORK HAS BEEN GOING ON FOR 106 YEARS.

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